

DISCUSS CHANGE OF BONDS

Supervisor Conrad Makes Motion Before Board of Supervisors Thursday

WILL ELIMINATE SHORTAGES

Surety Companies Would Then Audit Books Quarterly For Their Own Protection Against Loss.

The County Board of Supervisors is at its present session engaged in a most commendable effort to do away with the conditions which made the recent reported shortage a possibility.

Supervisor Edward Conrad has proposed what it is now regarded as a winning plan. It was introduced before the board as a resolution, the substance being as follows:

That the county officers be bonded in surety companies, bonds to be paid for by the county, which even then would have money left on interest on public money, which the county officers formerly got, instead of supplying the tremendous personal bond necessary.

This would mean a regular quarterly audit of the books of the officers of the surety company.

That the county itself should provide for an annual audit of the books through out.

That the public monies be deposited in every case hereafter in the name of Lake County, with the name of the officer as agent, so that the county and not the officer, will reap the interest.

After Supervisor Conrad introduced the motion, it was seconded by Supervisor Demorest.

Definite action in the matter was postponed for a short time as the board wished to consult with the State's Attorney as to the legality of the proposed steps to protect the public treasury.

This scheme seems to meet with the general approval of the public, which at the present time is strong in its feeling that some measure should be adopted that would prove a safeguard to the public funds, and besides it is argued this measure would do away with the old plan of each newly elected officer having to ask individuals to place themselves in a position where they can be forced to make good any shortage that might occur, but would place all such matters in the hands of a company that make such things a business and receive a remuneration for the risks which they incur.

The sole opponent on the board was Henry C. Edwards who took the stand that by the rules the day had passed to reconsider the bond matter, and that the bonds of the new officers had already been accepted.

A Restroom.

A room the woman of the house calls the "restroom" is papered in soft gray and has green hangings. The furniture is light oak with green sofa pillows here and there, and the big sofa is upholstered in green. The window shades are dark enough to subdue the light. Thus the room is in the most admirable taste and soothes the nerves. When the woman of the house is tired she runs to the rest room for a few minutes and gets her mental balance.

Put Oil in Your Lamp.

The human body has been compared to a lamp, the life being the flame. If the lamp, or body, is kept supplied with oil the flame will burn steadily much longer than when not. The patriarchs lived much longer than men live today, and olive oil was without exception one of their "blessings," which they daily used. Whether the comparison is merely fanciful or not it is hard to say, but there seems to be an element of truth in it.

Cardinal Newman.

Lord Coleridge himself declared that the intellectual force which had most impressed him—and he must have known, I suppose, nearly all of the great men of his time—was that of John Henry Newman.—From Justin McCarthy's Reminiscences.

To Induce Sleep.

Sleeplessness is the greatest menace that tired or overwrought nerves have for beauty and health. Sleep may be induced by warm milk sipped slowly, or, if this is ineffective, by long drafts of cool water and a cold bandage around the brow.

VIOLATES 10-HOUR LAW \$27,000.00 SHORTAGE

Libertyville Macaroni Company Pled Guilty and was Fined Fifty Dollars.

The Libertyville Macaroni Company was fined fifty dollars on Friday of last week, by Justice Beswick at Lake Forest for compelling girl employees to work more than ten hours a day. It was prosecuted by the Lake Forest Law and Order League assisted by Factory Inspector Davis.

The case proved a most interesting one because of the fact that Inspector Davis obtained the evidence only after a determined effort to get into the factory which had been securely locked when the girls were at work. It was on Monday evening about nine o'clock that the inspector went to the Libertyville factory and tried to enter through the front door, seeing lights that indicated that persons were at work. He knocked at the door but received no response, he then went to the engine room but found it locked and it was not opened at his summons. He again tried the front door, pounding until it was thought that he would knock the door in. The foreman then opened the door and Davis was admitted and found the women at work. He at once swore out a warrant for the officials' arrest. They entered the plea of guilty and were fined. The inspector claims that the company is an old offender.

AUTO CAUSES PECULIAR ACCIDENT

When Dr. Becker, the well known Silverlake physician, was approaching Wilmot from the west last Thursday morning, his automobile was driven into a tangle of telephone wires with sufficient force to break a telephone pole by the roadside, which fell with a crash across the front of his machine. Geo. Benedict, who was at work on the top of the pole at the time fell with it, and fortunately escaped without broken bones or serious injuries, although he will probably be laid up for a few days.

On account of the frosty air increasing the tension on the wires, a pole was broken during the night, a stub end of the top being left in such a manner as to hold the wires a few feet above the road.

The doctor with his man driving were going at a medium rate of speed and although they noticed the broken pole, with the sun shining in their eyes they failed to notice the loosened wires until they were in them. The wires picked the driver up and threw him against the rear seat which luckily gave or he would have been severely injured. The force of the collision broke the pole on which Benedict was working, snapping it off close to the bottom, as it fell it struck the sheet iron cover of the cooling device in front of the machine and badly dented it, and a side lamp was also torn off. The doctor himself although he had a narrow escape was not even scratched.

MISS IDA CALUGI AND CARL MILLER MARRIED THURSDAY

On Thursday of this week, in Chicago occurred the marriage of Miss Ida Calugi of this place to Mr. Carl Miller of Lake Villa.

The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Calugi, and has made many friends among our people since taking up her residence here.

The groom is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miller of Lake Villa and is a popular young man among his associates all of whom join in extending to him and his bride most hearty congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller will make their future home at Lake Villa and are now pleasantly located in the Hughes flat, where they are at home to their many friends.

Tip From Mary Jane.

"Oh, dear!" murmured the bride, "these tablecloths are wearing thin in spots so soon!" "Well," answered Mary Jane, "what can you expect when you fold 'em the same way every time you iron 'em? Fold 'em one week in three folds, and the next week in four. Then they won't wear out any more in one place than in another."

Cleaning Brass.

The old-fashioned way of cleaning brass can not be excelled. Rub the metal hard with a paste of rotten stone and sweet olive oil. Wipe until perfectly dry with a piece of fresh flannel and then polish with dry rottenstone.

Sparing Her Feelings.

"And what did papa say when you asked him for my hand?" "I'd gladly tell you, but I'm afraid you'd never respect his opinion any more."

IN THE ACCOUNTS OF CO. TREASURER AMES

Young and Company, Auditors, Render Brief Report Before the Board of Supervisors—No Details Obtainable as Yet

AMES PROTESTS INNOCENCE—CLAIMS BREACH OF TRUST

Attorneys Orvis and Beaubien Representing Ames Asks Supervisors That Time Might Be Granted in Which to Make Good—Auditors Point Out That County Should Draw Interest on Public Funds

Although a rumor had been afloat for several days in regard to an alleged shortage in the accounts of the retiring county treasurer, it was not until Tuesday when the supervisors convened and Arthur Young & Co. auditors, rendered their report before them, that anything definite was known. The report rendered was as follows:

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 8, 1910.
To T. M. Clark, Esq., Chairman of Auditing Committee of the Supervisors of Lake County.

Dear Sir:—In accordance with your instructions we have examined the books and records kept by the following officers of the county for a period of ten years ending as under:

County Treasurer's office ending August 31, 1910.
County Clerk's office, ending June 4, 1910.

Circuit Clerk and ex-officio Recorder, ending June 4, 1910.
Superintendent of Schools, ending August 31, 1910.

Sheriff's office, ending May 31, 1910.
State's Attorney's office ending August 31, 1910.

The final report under separate cover will be devoted to each of these offices after which will be submitted detailed accounts and schedules in support of same, covering the transactions of each for the whole period. Stated briefly the result of our examination is as follows:

COUNTY TREASURER'S OFFICE.

We have carefully examined the statements of receipts and disbursements submitted annually by the County Treasurer to the Supervisors and have found same to be correct. The balances due by the treasurer in respect of county and other funds in his hands at 31st of August 1910; amount to \$116,057.20, made up as follows:

County funds.....\$44,758.53
School funds and sundry taxes.....\$51,929.53
Miscellaneous funds.....\$2,225.38
Unknown and nonresident heirs.....\$8,918.21
Inheritance tax funds.....\$5,355.27
Institute funds.....\$25.40
Treasurer's report of fees etc., and disbursements.....\$2,843.88
Total.....\$116,057.20

To ascertain that his balance was intact we examined statements which we obtained from the various banks where the Treasurer had accounts. The balance in these accounts at 31st of August, 1910, were as follows, being the total fund which he could produce to us:

People's Bank, Waukegan.....\$69,644.39
Security Savings Bank, Waukegan.....\$2,538.13
First National Bank, of Waukegan.....\$1,647.45
State Bank of Lake Forest.....\$1,806.87
First National Bank, Lake Forest.....\$8,788.30
First National Bank, Libertyville.....\$517.29
Lake County National.....\$720.89
Bank.....\$15.93
Merchants and Farmers Bank.....\$274.57
Highland Park State Bank.....\$2,177.69
State Bank of Antioch.....\$674.84
Cash on hand.....\$38,806.35
Total.....\$27,250.35

The whole of this amount has been misappropriated during the period from December 3, 1906, to August 31, 1910, and is therefore chargeable to Mr. Ames, who was treasurer during that period.

We have been able in spite of the miserable condition of the records, and lack of records to approximately account for this shortage. The items are as follows:

1. That Mr. Ames has drawn by check and there have been charged in the till books as having been paid to him sums in excess of his salary for the period

aggregating approximately, per schedule 1, \$12,209.32.

2. That the till book, which was the only record of daily cash receipts and disbursements shows deposits in the bank in excess of actual amounts deposited, as per schedule II, of at least \$3,527.60.

3. That the till book shows county orders and jurors' warrants, etc., paid in excess of actual warrants etc., issued, per schedule III, \$1,402.43.

4. That the tax receipt books show collections which have not been entered in the till book amounting to \$2,503.23.

That it was the practice of the office to make out receipts for taxes which were not received until several days later. These amounts were entered with the total of the days collections in the till book and were also entered on the disbursement side as "due bills". When the cash was actually received the custom was to re-enter the amount separately among the receipts. Many of these "due bills" we have been unable to locate as having been re-entered and the probability is that this would account for possibly \$3,000.

Total.....\$22,647.58
Sundry.....\$4,603.27
Total shortage.....\$37,250.85.

COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE

The records and reports of earnings and expenses submitted by the County Clerk to the Supervisors were found to be correct and the balance due from the County Clerk on June 4, 1910, the last date to which his accounts have been made up, amounted to \$14,020.87. We were unable to verify the existence of this balance. Mr. Hendee, the County Clerk, stated that it was carried in his private bank account. He has today, namely December 8, 1910, paid over to the County Treasurer this balance of \$14,020.87. It is understood of course, that from June 4, 1910, to the date of his retirement from office, December 5, 1910, an accounting will require to be made of the net receipts of his office for that period.

CIRCUIT CLERK AND COUNTY RECORDER SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS SHERIFF'S OFFICE

The books and records of these offices were carefully examined by us and the reports made by the officers to the Supervisors were found to be correct and detailed accounts will be submitted for each office in the final report.

In conclusion we direct your attention to the following matters:

1. At no time during the period under examination has the county received any interest from the banks where their funds were deposited. During the last year we wrote that the county borrowed a large sum, bearing 6 per cent interest. If this shortage had not existed and surplus funds had at once been paid over to the County Treasurer, this sum would have been materially reduced and the interest saved. The amount of shortage as stated excludes interest entirely. We suggest that all these questions bearing on interest be referred for legal opinion.

2. The practice of using the County funds as private property and placing them in a private bank account should not, in our opinion, be permitted. The county funds should be deposited in a bank account which will be open to inspection at any time.

3. The present examination does not carry the audit down to the date of the retiring of the present officers and we recommend that this should be done forthwith.

4. The necessity of installing proper sets of records in the various offices which will enable a proper check to be kept on each of the officers, so that responsibility can be placed where it rests and the funds properly supervised and administered.

Yours faithfully,
Arthur Young & Company.

(Continued on editorial page)

REVERSES THE DECISION

Judge Renders Verdict in Favor of the Town of Salem.

The personal damage suit case of Ted Collier vs the town of Salem was again brought into the limelight last week when Judge Belden of Kenosha, rendered his decision, reversing the former verdict, this time making it in favor of the defendant.

As will be remembered the beginning of the matter was when the auto in which Harvey J. Gibson, Ted Collier and Mrs. Gardner all of Kenosha were riding, turned turtle on the Salem road near Liberty Corners, just north of Antioch on the night of October 7, 1909, with the result that Gibson lost his life and Collier sustained serious injuries.

The injured man at once began legal proceedings and a suit was entered against the town of Salem for the sum of \$5,000 for personal injury the grounds being, insufficient width of road making it dangerous for two vehicles to pass in safety, want of repair, presence in great confusion of obnoxious weeds that obscured the roadway and the dangerous piking of the road.

The case has been one of the most prominent that has been tried in Kenosha County in a number of years and the close connection of nearby neighbors with the case has made it one of especial interest to the residents of Antioch and vicinity. The case was brought to trial at the October 1910 term of court and the jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, for the sum of \$1400.

Argument for a new trial was made before Judge Belden, by Attorney Baker who represented the defendant, and the same was granted, with the result that the Judge last Saturday morning set aside the former verdict and rendered one in favor of the town.

The Judge held that the situation disclosed by the evidence, made it a duty of the court to hold, as a matter of law that the plaintiff unnecessarily proceeded into a situation obvious to one in the exercise of due care, that he is chargeable with want of ordinary care proximately contributing to produce his injuries, and that the finding of the jury to the contrary could not be supported.

WATCHMAN STRUCK BY ELECTRIC CAR

James Odell, 416, Sheridan Road was struck by a Chicago & Milwaukee electric car at the tenth street station at about six o'clock Sunday morning and sustained injuries that may cost him his life.

Mr. Odell who is employed as night watchman at the wire mills, was returning to his home from work, and although he seldom rode home, he decided owing to the cold, to take the car.

The cars are running on one track at that place, as yet, owing to the paving on Marion street, and Mr. Odell, supposing that he would have to cross the tracks, stepped squarely in front of the north bound car.

The car struck him in the side and he was hurled to the side of the track and when he was picked up by the members of the car crew he was in a serious condition. He was taken at once to the hospital and the company's physician was summoned.

Upon examination he was found to be suffering from a severe scalp wound although his skull was not fractured, and besides that he was severely cut on one side, the cuts being caused by a coffee bottle which he carried in his pocket. Three fingers of his left hand were also cut off.

And he is now in a most serious condition owing to the shock as well as his injuries and there is small hope for his recovery.

Mr. Odell had been employed as night watchman at the mills for a number of years. He was a married man and leaves a wife and two children.

No Easiest Way.

Most men are not geniuses. They cannot hope to paint great pictures, to write great novels or to inspire millions with strains of noble music. Perhaps they ought to be grateful, for usually the work that is required to develop talent is ten times that necessary for ordinary commonplace success. The latter is within reach of most men who are willing to work for it. But work they must. There is no easiest way.

Smarter Than Most.

The Old Guy—"Huh! Driving an automobile, eh? Young man, when I started in life I had to walk." The Young Chap—"You were smarter than most, sir. When I first started in life I couldn't walk."

What Goats Eat.

A goat eats only one-eighth as much as a cow, but gives more than that proportion of milk.

GETS NINETY DAYS

Famous Wadsworth Shooting Affair Ends With a Jail Sentence

GALLAGHER PLEADS GUILTY

State's Attorney Asks that Leniency be Shown on Account of the Youth's Previous Good Record

The famous Gallagher-Doyle case in which John Gallagher was charged with the shooting of Miss Loretta Doyle of Wadsworth, was brought to close on Wednesday of this week when the second trial was held.

Gallagher as will be remembered was charged with having shot Miss Loretta Doyle, on a lonely road near Wadsworth last June. At this trial, in the circuit court, he pled guilty to the charge of "assault with a deadly weapon, with intent to do great bodily harm," and was sentenced to ninety days in the county jail and must pay the costs of both trials.

The story of the case as developed from the first trial earlier in the term was as follows: Gallagher had been keeping company with Miss Doyle for a long time, but upon his proposal of marriage she refused to have anything more to do with him. Gallagher, it is alleged, went to her and asked her to go to one more dance with him, the dance to be held in Wadsworth.

Miss Doyle refused to go with him and Gallagher is said to have made a threat, that she would repent her actions. Miss Doyle went to the dance in company with another young man and Gallagher was there. Just before the last dance of the evening Gallagher left the hall and started home alone.

The others went by the same road and as they were in a carriage they soon overtook Gallagher who was walking, and it alleged that he then stepped into the center of the road and fired several shots at the buggy.

One of the bullets struck Miss Doyle in the hip. He was arrested and his trial was held at the October term of court. The jury in the case returned without having arrived at a verdict, and the case was held over until this term.

Gallagher has now entered a plea of guilty to the charge and was sentenced to ninety days in the county jail. It is said that he had on several occasions made an attempt to settle the matter out of court, with the father of the girl, but that he was on each occasion repulsed. He will begin his sentence immediately.

FOX LAKE RESIDENTS JUBILANT

Fox Lake residents held a large mass meeting at the hall Thursday evening of last week in observance of the occasion on which their hall was first lit by electricity. Speeches were made and each congratulated the other upon the progress of their town.

The subject of the new electric rail road which is likely to strike the town was dwelt upon at length and the bright prospects of the little town was the cause of great rejoicing. One man expressed the sentiment of the entire village when he remarked that Fox Lake would soon be entitled to a prominent place on the map.

For Circuit Judge

I am a candidate for the office of Circuit Judge to fill the vacancy now existing. The support of the voters of the judicial district will be gratefully appreciated.
Chas. Whitney.

"Affinity," in Law.

The word affinity, in the eyes of the law, is rather respectable. The encyclopedia says: "Affinity, in law, is the relations contracted by marriage between a husband and his wife's kindred, and between a wife and her husband's kindred, in contradistinction from relation by blood; but the of the husband are in no way to the kin of the wife."

Poor Kind of Virtue

I cannot praise a fugitive, virtuous, unexercised, breathed, that never seeks her adversary, but the race where that imp is to be run for, not with heat.—Milton.

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcements and the
Elgin Butter Market

ELGIN, ILL., Dec. 12.—Butter firm at 30c. Output for the week, 639,700 lbs.

Arthur Herman of Waukegan was home over Sunday.

The latest thing in ties for Christmas at Chase Webb's.

Rev. A. O. Stixrud spent Monday and Tuesday in Chicago.

F. L. Carr of Wauconda was a business visitor in Antioch Tuesday.

J. B. Richardson of English Prairie was an Antioch visitor Tuesday.

The official census figures give the population of the United States at 93,402,151.

Misses Ruth and Elsie Williams of Chicago spent Sunday with their parents here.

Use Red Cross Christmas seals on your letters and packages. For sale at Webb's Racket store. Only one cent each.

The Board of Supervisors met in their regular December meeting on Tuesday of this week.

In another column of this paper will be found the announcement of the candidacy of Chas. Whitney for Circuit Judge.

If you are thinking of sending a distant relative or friend a Christmas present, none better could be selected than year's subscription to the Antioch News.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Selter spent the last part of the week in Chicago, where they formerly attended a Masonic meeting, the entire work of which was conducted in the German language.

Divine services at the Christian church on Sunday next, December 18, at 2:30. Catechetical class and Sunday school at 2:00 p. m. Rev. G. H. Voss, pastor, will preach, subject, "The Christian's Joy."

Howard Smith was pleasantly surprised when on Saturday evening of last week a bus load of young people called at his home at Channel to spend a few hours in merry pastime. All received a hearty welcome and the hours slipped rapidly away until midnight when a bounteous lunch was served. Those present were: Misses Helen Dismore, Jean Smith, Debbie Tiffany, Belle Hughes, Pauline Smart, Mary Schilke, Mabel Brogan, Hazel Tiffany, Deborah Cribb, Eva Felter, Alice Dismore and Edith Tillotson, and Messrs. Ben Burke, Paul Ferris, Chase McGuire, Hessel Faber, Archie Maplethorpe, Will Parsons, Ray Webb, Earl Wedge, Louis Van Patten, Nason Sibley, and Howard Smith.

Mrs. E. C. Sabin is spending this week in Chicago.

H. A. Wienke has a new "ad" in another column on this.

Silk mufflers for Christmas at Chase Webb's.

Miss Elizabeth Webb spent Tuesday in Chicago.

Children's fancy wool sweater coats from two to ten years at Chase Webb's.

Webb has more useful Christmas presents for men and boys than anybody.

The Allendale boys are making preparations for their annual Christmas play to be given Monday afternoon, January 2.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to us are respectfully requested to call and settle before January 1st, 1911. Tiffany & Felter.

Waukegan's G. A. R. men have given one sixth of all the money in their treasury to the Y. M. C. A. fund, their donation amounting to \$25.

The Antioch school will close Friday of next week for a two week's vacation. Christmas exercises will be held Friday afternoon in the school building.

Waukegan is endeavoring to raise \$50,000 for a Y. M. C. A. fund and judging from the way the money is coming in their hopes will soon be realized.

Fred Ames, ex-County Treasurer now has what was formerly the private desk of the late John Alexander Dowie, as his personal desk in his office in the Wetzel building at Waukegan.

Mrs. Thomas, mother of Mrs. E. A. Dorrance, both of whom are well known ladies in this vicinity, died at the Dorrance home at Englewood on Tuesday of this week after a short illness of pneumonia.

If you need a good ready made skirt give me a call. I have chiffon panama from \$7.75 up, French voile beautifully made and trimmed for \$6.75 and up. Fine French serge and worsted \$7.50 and up, and also taffeta silk skirts at \$9.50. These skirts are fitted free of charge. Mrs. A. G. Watson.

At a meeting of the Royal Neighbor hold at their hall last Tuesday evening the following officers were elected: Oracle, Mrs. Chas. Richards; Vice Oracle, Mrs. Geo. Kuhaupt; Recorder, Mrs. Chas. Powles; Receiver, Miss Cora Hooper; Chancellor, Mrs. Johnson; Marshal, Miss Mary Drury; Inside Sentinel, Mrs. Jos. Panowski; Outside Sentinel, Mrs. Henry Herman; Physician, Dr. Warriner; Board of Manager, Mrs. L. B. Grice.

Christmas candy and nuts cheap at Chase Webb's.

W. S. Westlake was a Waukegan visitor Monday.

Dr. E. H. Ames was a Waukegan passenger Monday.

E. B. Williams spent Monday and Tuesday in Waukegan.

Fancy dress shirts and sweater coats for Christmas at Chase Webb's.

Miss Bertha Turner will spend her Christmas vacation at her home in New York.

Wm. Belter has rented the James farm across the river and will take possession next March.

Seal your letters and packages with Red Cross Christmas seals, and help a worthy cause. For sale at Webb's Racket store.

Don't fail to see the line of hand painted china at Overton's drug store before making your Christmas selections. A varied assortment at various prices awaits your inspection.

Indiana Silos—Wm. Stoffel, McHenry Ill., agent for northern and western Lake County. Special discount for early orders. A postal card will bring us to your place. 13m4

To any one having their auction bills printed at this office we will loan free of charge 100 tin drinking cups, to be used in serving lunch and to be returned to this office after sale.

The members of the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church wish to extend thanks to each and every one who helped to make their recent bazaar a success either by contributions or patronage.

Antioch merchants were never better equipped with suitable goods for the holiday trade than they are at this time. Buyers cannot find better bargains nor a greater variety of suitable goods than they can here in Antioch and the time to buy is now.

The next regular meeting of the Angola cemetery society will be held at the home of Mrs. H. Potter at Lake Villa on Tuesday afternoon December 27, at two o'clock. All members are requested to be present as this election of officers.

Christmas exercises will be held in the basement of the M. E. church on Saturday evening the 24th. Anything to be put on the tree may be brought Saturday afternoon after two o'clock. The committee desires that presents be brought as early as possible.

Hereafter my office will be with the Waukegan Abstract company, 209 Madison street, Waukegan. I shall also give my attention to law practice in the County Court and to matters pertaining to real estate titles. D. L. Jones. 13w4

The term to which Judge Wright had been elected would not expire until 1915 so that more than four years of the term is yet to run. When the term has less than one year, the governor has power to appoint some one to fill the vacancy, but in this case a special primary and then a special election to follow will be the procedure in order to determine the successor of the Boone County deceased jurist.

See Wienke's closing out sale "ad" on this page.

Fancy hose and suspenders for Christmas at Chase Webb's.

Good fur lined gloves and mittens at Chase Webb's.

Miss Gertaude Smart was a Chicago visitor Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wilton are visiting with relatives in Nebraska.

W. T. Taylor attended a banquet of the Illinois Social Club, which is composed of the head officers of the M. W. A. and the various delegates, at Chicago Friday evening and on Saturday evening he attended the class adoption of 1723 candidates from Cook county.

Goethe's Voluminous Prose. Besides the books which are best known to English readers, "Faust," "Wilhelm Meister," etc., Goethe is the author of 44 dramas, melodramas and farces, and any amount of travel and criticism, and even his poetical writings constitute a sort of enormous dumpling, with very few currants indeed in proportion to the dough.—Buchanan.

A Sensitive Ear. The poet, Malherbe, the founder of the purity of the French language, was very sensitive on the score of diction. When, during his last moments, his confessor, by way of encouraging him, began to enlarge on the joys of paradise. "Stop," cried Malherbe. "Your ungrammatical style is giving me a distaste for them!"

Adjudication Notice.

Public notice is hereby given that the subscriber, administrators of the estate of Robert L. Strang, deceased, will attend the County Court of Lake County, at a term thereof to be held at the Court House in Waukegan, in said county, on the first Monday of February, next, 1911, when and where all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to present the same to said court for adjudication.

ERMA STRANG } Administrators.
VICTOR H. STRANG }
Waukegan, November 28th, 1910.
Whitney, Dady & Runyard, Attorneys.

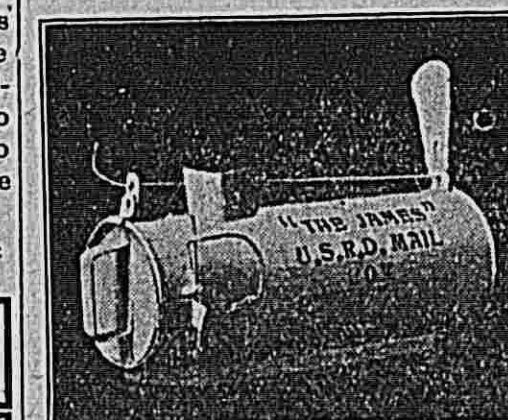


LOTUS CAMP No. 557 M. W. A. meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month in Woodmen hall, Antioch, Illinois. Visiting Neighbors always welcome. S. LA PLANT, V. C. J. C. JAMES, JR., Clerk.

SEQUITO LODGE, No. 327, A. F. & A. M., hold regular communications the first and third Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting Brethren always welcome. FRANK HUBER, W. M. NORRIS PROCTOR, Sec'y. The Eastern Star meets Second and Fourth Thursdays of each month. EMMA SIMONS, W. M. OLIVE READING, Sec'y.

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In All Its Branches

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ESTIMATES GIVEN

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NICK WEINDEL

Painter and Paper Hanger

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ANTIOCH NEWS

A. H. JOHNSON, Publisher

ANTIOCH

ILLINOIS

The Courage of Captain Plum

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Illustrations by Magnus G. Keltner

(Copyright 1908 by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS:

Capt. Nathaniel Plum of the sloop Typhoon, lands secretly on Beaver Island, stronghold of the Mormons. Obadiah Price, Mormon counselor, confronts him, tells him he is expected, and bargains for the ammunition aboard the sloop. He binds Nat by a solemn oath to deliver a package to Franklin Pierce, president of the United States. Near Price's cabin Nat sees the frightened face of a young woman who disappears in the darkness, leaving an odor of lilacs. It develops that Nat's visit to the island is to demand settlement of the king, Strang, for the looting of his sloop by Mormons. Price shows Nat the king's palace, and through a window he sees the lady of the lilacs, who Price says is the king's seventh wife. Calling at the king's office Nat is warned by a young woman that his life is in danger. Strang, professing indignation when he hears Nat's grievance and promises to punish the guilty. Nat rescues Nell, who is being publicly whipped, and the king orders the sheriff, Arbor Croche, to pursue and kill the two men. Plum learns that Marion, the girl of the lilacs, is Nell's sister. The two men plan to escape on Nat's sloop and take Marion and Winsome, daughter of Arbor Croche, and sweetheart of Nell. Nat discovers that the sloop is gone. Marion tells him that his ship has been seized by the Mormons. She begs him to leave the island, telling him that nothing can save her from Strang, whom she is doomed to marry. Plum finds Price raving mad. Recovering, he tells Nat that Strang is doomed, that armed men are descending on the island. Nat learns that Marion has been summoned to the castle by Strang. Nat kills Arbor Croche, and after a desperate fight with the king, leaves him for dead. The evening host from the mainland descends on St. James. Nell and Nat take a part in the battle and the latter is wounded. Strang, whom Nat thought he had killed, orders him thrown into a dungeon. He finds Nell a fellow prisoner.

(CHAPTER X—Continued.)

"She always seemed like such a little child to me that I never dared to tell her," he faltered. "I've done it in this."

"How will you get the note to her?"

"I know the jailer. Perhaps when he comes to bring us our dinner I can persuade him to send it to her."

Nathaniel thrust his hands into his pockets. His fingers dug into Obadiah's gold.

"Would this help?" he asked.

He brought out a shimmering handful of it and counted the pieces upon the table.

"Two hundred dollars—if he will deliver that note," he said.

Nell stared at him in amazement.

"If he won't take it for that—I've got more. I'll go a thousand."

Nell stood silent, wondering if his companion was mad. Nathaniel saw the look in his face and his own flushed with sudden excitement.

"Don't you understand?" he cried.

"That note means heaven or hell for Winsome—it means life—her whole future! And you know what this cell means for us," he said more calmly. "It means that we're at the end of our rope, that the game is up, that neither of us will ever see Marion or Winsome again. That note is the last word in life from us—from you. It's a dying prayer. Tell Winsome your love, tell her that it is your last wish that she go out into the big, free world—away from this hell-hole, away from Strang, away from the Mormons, and live as other women live! And commanded by your love—she will go!"

"I've told her that!" breathed Nell.

"I knew you would!"

Nathaniel threw another handful of gold on the table.

"Five hundred!" he exclaimed. "It's cheap enough for a woman's soul!"

He motioned for Nell to put the money in his pocket. The pain was coming back into his head, he grew dizzy, and hastened to the bench. Nell came and sat beside him.

"So you think it's the end?" he asked. He was glad that his companion had guessed the truth.

"Don't you?"

"Yes."

There was a minute's dark silence. The ticking of Nathaniel's watch sounded like the tapping of a stick.

"What will happen?"

"I don't know. But whatever it may be it will come to us soon. Usually it happens at night."

"There is no hope?"

"Absolutely none. The whole mainland is at the mercy of Strang. He fears no retribution now, no punishment for his crimes, no hand stronger than his own. He will not even give us the pretense of a hearing. I am a traitor, a revolutionist—you have attempted the life of the king. We are both condemned—both doomed."

Nell spoke calmly and his companion strove to master the terrible pain at his heart as he thought of Marion. If Nell could go to the end like a martyr he would at least make an attempt to do as much. Yet he could not keep from saying:

"What will become of Marion?"

He felt the tremor that passed through his companion's body.

"I have implored Winsome to do

all that she can to get her away," replied Nell. "If Marion won't go—" He clenched his hands with a moaning curse and sprang to his feet, again pacing back and forth through the gloomy dungeon. "If she won't go I swear that Strang's triumph will be short!" he cried suddenly. "I cannot guess the terrible power that the king possesses over her, but I know that once his wife she will not endure it long. The moment she becomes that, her bondage is broken. I know it. I have seen it in her eyes. She will kill herself!"

Nathaniel rose slowly from the bench and came to his side.

"She won't do that!" he groaned.

"My God—she won't do that!"

Nell's face was blanched to the whiteness of paper.

"She will," he repeated quietly.

"Her terrible pact with Strang will have been fulfilled. And I—I am glad—"

He raised his arms to the dripping blackness of the dungeon ceiling, his voice shaking with a cold, stifled anguish. Nathaniel drew back from that tall, straight figure, step by step, as though to hide beyond the flickering candle glow the betrayal that had come into his face, the blazing fire that seemed burning out his eyes. If what Nell had said was true—

Something choked him as he dropped alone upon the bench.

If it was true—Marion was dead? He dropped his head in his hands and sat for a long time in silence, listening to Nell as he walked tirelessly over the muddy earth. Not until there came a rattling of the chain at the cell door and a creaking of the rusty hinges did he lift his face. It was the jailer with a huge armful of straw. He saw Nell approach him after he had thrown it down. Their low voices came to him in an indistinct murmur. After a little he caught the sound of the chinking gold pieces.

Nell came and sat down beside him as the heavy door closed upon them again.

"He took it," he whispered exultantly. "He will deliver it this morning. If possible he will bring us an answer. I kept out a hundred and told him that a reply would be worth that to him."

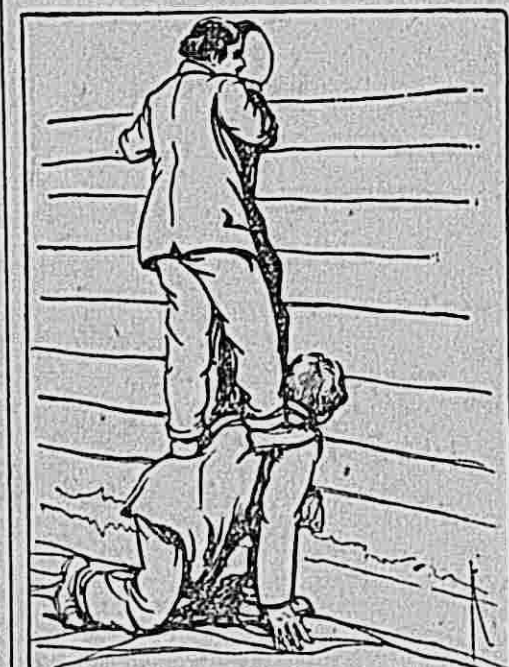
Nathaniel did not speak, and after a moment's silence Nell continued:

"The jury is assembling. We will know our fate very soon."

He rose to his feet, his words quivering with nervous excitement, and Nathaniel heard him kicking about in the straw. In another breath his voice hissed through the gloom in a sharp, startled command:

"Good God, Nat, come here!"

Something in the strange fierceness of Nell's words startled Nathaniel.



Winsome Croche Demands the Death of Her Father's Murderer.

like the thrilling twinges of an electric shock. He darted across the cell and found Marion's brother with his shoulder against the door.

"It's open!" he whispered. "The door—is—open!"

The hinges creaked under his weight. A current of air struck them in the face. Another instant and they stood in the corridor, listening, crushing back the breath in their lungs, not daring to speak. Gently Nell drew his companion back into the cell.

"There's a chance—one chance in ten thousand!" he whispered. "At the end of this corridor there is a door—the jailer's door. If that's not locked, we can make a run for it! I'd rather die fighting—than here!"

He slipped out again, pressing Nathaniel back.

"Wait for me!"

Nathaniel heard him stealing slowly through the blackness. A minute later he returned.

"Locked!" he exclaimed.

In the opposite direction a ray of light caught Nathaniel's eye.

"Where does that light come from?" he asked.

"Through a hole about as big as your two hands. It was made for a stove pipe. If we were up there we could see into the jury room."

They moved quietly down the corridor until they stood under the aperture, which was four or five feet above their heads. Through it they could hear the sounds of voices but could not distinguish the words that were being spoken.

"The jury," explained Nell. "They're in a devil of a hurry! I wonder why?"

Nathaniel could feel his companion shrug himself in the darkness.

"Lord—for my revolver!" he whispered excitedly. "One shot through that hole would be worth a thousand notes to the girls!"

He caught Marion's brother by the arm as a voice louder than the others came to them.

"Strang!"

"Yes—the king!" affirmed Nell, laying an expostulating hand on him.

"Hush!"

"I would like to see—"

Even in these last hours of failure and defeat the fire of adventure flamed up in Nathaniel's blood. He felt his nerves leaping again to action, his arms grew tense with new ambition—almost he forgot that death had him cornered and was already preparing to strike him down. Another thought replaced all fear of this. A few feet beyond that log wall were gathered the men whose bloodthirsty deeds had written for them one of the reddest pages in history—men who had burned their souls out in the destruction of human lives, whose passions and loves and hatreds carried with them life and death; men who had bathed themselves in blood and lived in blood until the people of the mainland called them "the leeches."

"The Mormon jury!" Nathaniel spoke the words scarcely above his breath.

"I'd like to take a look through that hole, Nell," he added.

"Easy enough—if you keep quiet. Here!" He doubled himself against the wall. "Climb up on my shoulders."

No sooner had Nathaniel's face come to a level with the hole than a soft cry of astonishment escaped him. Nell whispered hoarsely but he did not reply. He was looking into a room twice as large as the dungeon cell and lighted by narrow windows whose lower panes were on a level with the ground outside. At the farther end of the room, in full view, was a platform raised several feet from the main floor. On this platform were seated ten men, immovable as statues, every face gazing straight ahead. Directly in front of them, on the lower floor, stood the Mormon king, and at his side, partly held in the embrace of one of his arms was Winsome!

Strang's voice came to him in a low, solemn monotone, its rumbling depth drowning the words he was speaking, and as Nathaniel saw him lift his arm from about the girl's shoulders and place his great hand upon her head he dug his own fingers fiercely into the rotting logs and an imprecation burned in his breath. He did not need to hear what the king was saying. It was a pantomime in which every gesture was understandable. But even Nell, huddled against the wall, heard the last words of the prophet as they thundered forth in sudden passion.

"Winsome Croche demands the death of her father's murderer!"

Nathaniel felt his companion's shoulders sinking under his weight and he leaped quickly to the floor.

"Winsome is there!" he panted desperately. "Do you want to see her?"

Nell hesitated.

"No. Your boots gouge my shoulder. Take them off!"

The scene had changed when Nathaniel took his position again. The jury had left its platform and was filing through a small door. Winsome and the king were alone.

The girl had turned from him. She was deathly pale and yet she was wondrously beautiful, so beautiful that Nathaniel's breath came in quick dreads as the king approached her. He could see the triumph in his eyes, a terrible eagerness in his face. He seized Winsome's hand and spoke to her in a soft, low voice, so low that it came to Nathaniel only in a murmur. Then, in a moment, he began stroking the shimmering curls between his fingers until the blood seemed as if it must burst like hot sweat from Nathaniel's face. Suddenly Winsome drew back from him, the pallor gone from her face, her eyes blazing like angry stars. She had retreated but a step when the prophet sprang to her and caught her in his arms, straining her to him until the scream on her lips was choked to a gasping cry. In answer to that cry a yell of rage hurled itself from Nathaniel's throat.

"Stop, you hell-hound!" he cried threateningly. "Stop!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHEAP MILK REFRIGERATOR

A Wooden Box and a Tin Pall the Essentials for a Serviceable Ice Box.

If milk is not kept cold it is a dangerous food for babies, for every minute that it is much above the temperature of ice the germs of disease increase in it at an alarming rate. Very many babies die of summer complaint merely because their milk has been allowed to stand for hours in a warm room.

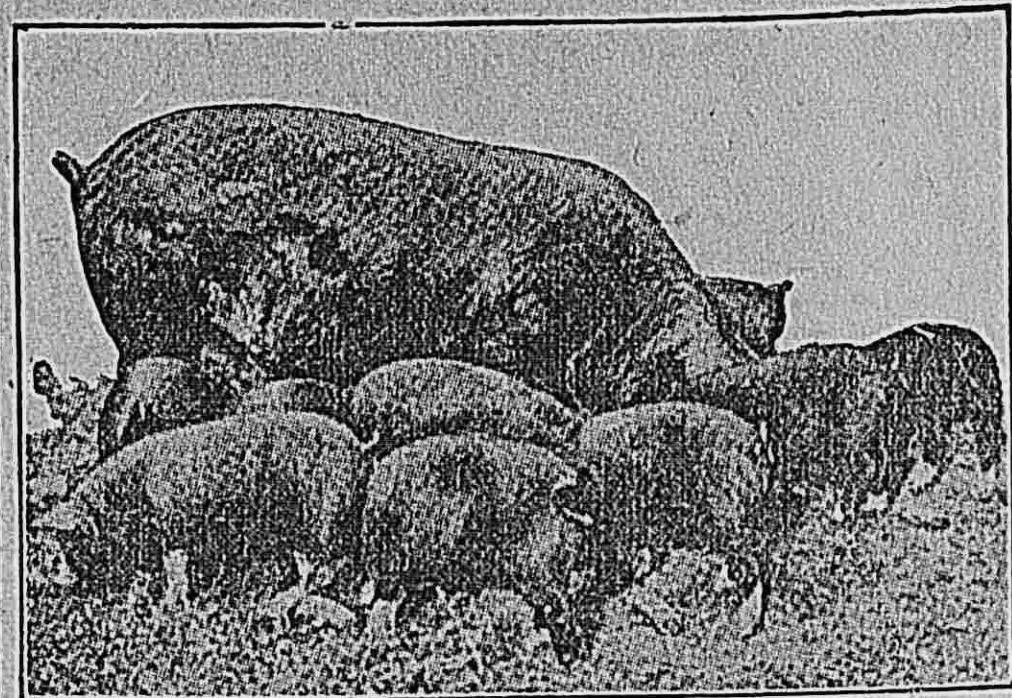
Many are unable to buy enough ice in summer to preserve milk in ordinary refrigerators for twenty-four hours. Most mothers, however, buy a five or ten-cent cake every morning and by following the suggestion of Dr. Alfred F. Hess can make at home at small cost an excellent milk refrigerator that requires only a very little ice.

"Obtain a box from the grocer; any wooden box a foot in depth will answer the purpose. Buy a tin pall with a cover, one deep enough to hold a quart bottle of milk and a slightly larger pall without a cover. Place one inside the other and stand them in the center of the box. Now pack sawdust or excelsior beneath and all about them to keep the heat from getting in; complete the refrigerator by nailing about fifty layers of newspaper to the under surface of the box cover.

"The refrigerator is now ready for use. In the morning as soon as the milk is received it should be placed in the pall and five cents worth of ice should be cracked and placed about the milk bottle. The cover should be replaced on the can and the lid on the wooden box. Every morning the melted ice should be poured off."—Survey

NECESSITY FOR PROVIDING PIGS COMFORTABLE QUARTERS

Many Things of Vital Importance in Making Hog Business Entirely Profitable—Must Have Proper Shelter With Exercise.



Poland-China Sow and Litter of Pigs.

(By W. H. UNDERWOOD.)

In raising pigs there are several things, very essential, which are difficult to secure in the right degree in the winter time, and which sometimes make the winter litter rather costly.

Hogs are great lovers of warmth and they must have it for their economical growth. This has been fully demonstrated by the experiment stations in the different fattening trials. The cost of the grain in several instances was almost double with outside feeding as compared with a warm shelter, all other things being as nearly equal as was possible.

Warmth is even more of a necessity to the suckling pig, and to obtain that warmth and give the little fellow sufficient amount of exercise is where the difficulty comes in.

It is an easy matter to make the bed warm enough, but as soon as the pig leaves the nest for exercise out in the open, it becomes chilly and soon returns to the warm bed. Not taking exercise sufficient to keep it from becoming too fat, thumps follow and death ensues. An abundance of exercise is necessary to avoid the thumps in young pigs when they are getting all the milk and other foods they can eat.

In raising winter pigs there are six really very important things to be taken into consideration: Warmth, exercise, good feed, ventilated quarters, sunshine and good blood.

In order to have these a warm and quite roomy building, which will make ventilation easier and allow the pigs to play without going out in the open is necessary. When the weather is

sufficiently warm they should be out of doors as much as possible, especially when the sun shines. Plenty of sunshine is the greatest disinfectant and invigorator known.

Some years ago I had a couple of litters come early in the winter. The weather was very cold and for want of a better place to keep them than the one in which they were farrowed, I penned up a little corner of the cow stable in which were kept at night 30 head of cattle. The building was 35 by 50 feet, and when closed at night with the cattle in it was quite comfortable. This proved to be almost an ideal place for the pigs.

They were given fresh bedding every night and a fresh supply of bedding put in every day. Those pigs grew exceedingly fast.

Under ordinary farm conditions it is a doubtful proposition to attempt to raise many winter pigs with good results, but under special conditions a few litters may be made profitable. The greatest obstacle is to provide enough warm space for the pigs to run about freely without becoming chilled for lack of sufficient sunshine.

Scours and thumps often cause very serious losses among young pigs. The former is caused usually by over-feeding, by providing badly spoiled feed, by an abrupt change of ration or by a change in feed that affects the milk of the dam. The latter is generally brought about by over-feeding and lack of exercise.

An illustration is shown herewith of a Poland-China sow, with her litter of pigs. This breed put on fat rapidly, are docile and easily handled.

RAISING FUEL FOR HOUSEHOLD

Systematic Planting and Cultivation of Forest Trees in Branch of Agriculture Yet in Infancy.

(By R. B. BUCKHAM, Salem, Mass.)

A very small acreage of woodland, if properly handled, can be made to yield the necessary fuel for the household, from year to year, and yet maintain an average growth, or even increase in value.

The tree growth of the woodlot should be encouraged in every possible way. All dead wood should be conscientiously removed and added to the woodpile. It will serve well as excellent kindling, at least, and does away with one of the chief sources of disease among growing wood. It has been proven that a very large percentage of all the ailments of forest trees arises from the decaying deadwood lying about them.

Thinning correctly is a second requisite to making the woodlot most profitable. Where the standing growth is too close, all are compelled to suffer for the lack of air and light. Hence some can well be removed, to the benefit of the remainder.

Where an area of any dimensions has been laid bare, it should be reseeded immediately, if the second growth does not start satisfactorily. It is as poor economy to allow parts

of the woodlot to lie idle, as any other portion of the farm.

The increase of the more valuable trees should be encouraged, such as the oak, pine, hickory and ash. Some trees are of no value, save as stove wood, and are poor, even at that. Yet, strange enough, at the start they are the most vigorous, and always succeed at making the most rapid growth at the start; thus holding their own at the expense of their competitors. There are weeds among trees, as well as among plants.

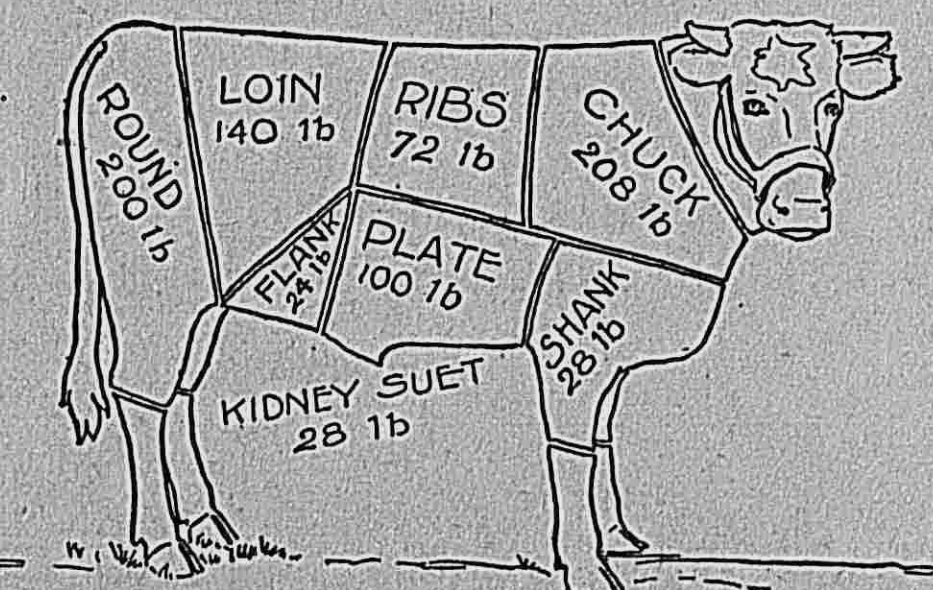
Forest tracts are indispensable to the welfare and best interests of the community. We cannot well do without them, because of their salubrious influence upon the climate, their conservation of the supply of moisture, and their value for purifying the atmosphere, to say nothing of their commercial value.

We must look to the farmer for the presence of the necessary amount of forest trees. Upon them will fall the burden of bearing this responsibility.

But that they will profit largely therefrom is well illustrated by the fact that the artificial timber tracts which already exist in what was formerly the great, bare, wind-swept western plains, are already of incalculable value.

Systematic planting and cultivation of forest trees is a branch of agriculture yet in its infancy, but one which will prove exceedingly important before the history of this country shall have been written.

STEER OF PROFITABLE FORM



This steer weighed 1,300 pounds alive and 800 pounds dressed. This makes his dressing percentage 62. He is an example of the most profitable steer to feed, says Farm and Home. Note the broad head, straight, level back and deep flank.

TWO WORLD FAMED GRANNIES

One of These Talented Women Is Sarah Bernhardt and the Other Ellen Terry.

Two famous grandmothers are distinguished visitors of this country. Referring to these talented ladies the Rochester Post Express says: "One of the grandmothers is Mme. Sarah Bernhardt; the other is Ellen Terry. Both actresses have reached an age when it is permissible to retire from active life; but the French actress is said to be as energetic as a woman half her age, while Ellen Terry is declared to be as young as ever she was in the palmy days when she and Henry Irving ruled the theatrical world of England. Miss Terry has retired from the stage so far as acting is concerned, and has taken to lecturing on Shakespeare's heroines. And who could do better than she who has played so many of the womanly women of the great dramatist? Readers of her breezy biography know what she thinks of Portia, Beatrice, Viola, Rosalind and other famous women of the tragedies and comedies, but no printed page could charm as does the wonderfully expressive features and the velvet voice of the greatest living English-speaking actress."

SAVED OLD LADY'S HAIR

"My mother used to have a very bad humor on her head which the doctors called an eczema, and for it I had two different doctors. Her head was very sore and her hair nearly all fell out in spite of what they both did. One day her niece came in and they were speaking of how her hair was falling out and the doctors did it no good. She says, 'Aunt, why don't you try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment?' Mother did and they helped her. In six months' time the itching, burning and scalding of her head was over and her hair began growing. Today she feels much in debt to Cuticura Soap and Ointment for the fine head of hair she has for an old lady of seventy-four."

"My own case was an eczema in my feet. As soon as the cold weather came my feet would itch and burn and then they would crack open and bleed. Then I thought I would see to my mother's friends, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I did for four or five winters, and now my feet are as smooth as any one's. Ellsworth Dunham, Hiram, Me., Sept. 30, 1909."

TOO BAD.



Mr. Knecker—I had little faith in the curative properties of your medicine.

The Agent—But it cured you?

Mr. Knecker—Yes, of even the little faith I had in it.

Sense of Taste.

From a series of experiments recently made at the University of Kansas it is evident that the average person can taste the bitter of quinine when one part is dissolved in 52,000 parts of water. Salt was detected in water when one part to 640 of the liquid was used. Sugar could be tasted in 228 parts of water and common soda in 48. In nearly all cases women could detect a smaller quantity than men.

EAGER TO WORK.

Health Regained by Right Food.

The average healthy man or woman is usually eager to be busy at some useful task or employment.

But let dyspepsia or indigestion get hold of one, and all endeavor becomes a burden.

"A year ago, after recovering from an operation," writes a Michigan lady, "my stomach and nerves began to give me much trouble."

"At times my appetite was voracious, but when indulged, indigestion followed. Other times I had no appetite whatever. The food I took did not nourish me and I grew weaker than ever."

"I lost interest in everything and wanted to be alone. I had always had good nerves, but now the merest trifle would upset me and bring on a violent headache. Walking across the room was an effort and prescribed exercise was out of the question."

"I had seen Grape-Nuts advertised, but did not believe what I read at the time. At last when it seemed as if I was literally starving, I began to eat Grape-Nuts."

"I had not been able to work for a year, but now after two months on Grape-Nuts I am eager to be at work again. My stomach gives me no trouble now, my nerves are steady as ever, and interest in life and ambition have come back with the return to health."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pigs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Rosemary—that's for Remembrance

A Christmas Story by S. R. Crockett

THE Morris-Moores had just had their first—no, not quarrel—tiff. Harry was now in his study pulling down books he did not want and piling them up on his table. He selected a row of notebooks bearing title, "The Grisons and the Italian Valleys." He got out extensive white-blotched Swiss survey maps, and files of the little "Ladin" paper printed at Sarnaden. He had got all this up thoroughly on his last journey, and now was the time to dip deep into the pile of printed and annotated "stuff." It would help him to forget anything so absolutely silly as a little wife upstairs in her room, the tears of temper still wet on her cheeks, and employing her small white teeth in reducing to tattered "waste" a soaked lace pocket handkerchief.

Henry Morris-Moore felt himself very superior. He was calm, cold, judicial, and above what he called "infantile tempers."

Upstairs Clara wept and fretted. To think, only to think—scarcely ten months married, and it had come to this! Ah, if only she had known! Were all men so cruel, so bitter? Did nobody care for her? She would go to her mother—No (Clara's reflection came refreshingly cool, like a splash of cold water), no-o—well, not quite that! For one thing, she knew her mother; and Mrs. Murray-Linklater would "pack her back to her husband." Clara heard her mother speak these very words.

But—it was over. So much was fixed. Never, never would it be "glad, confident morning again." Henry had settled that when he spoke those words—those cruel dividing words. He had said—had said—well, Clara could not



CLARA WAS LOOKING SIDWAYS AT THE PATTERN OF THE CARPET

herself swept off the piano stool and installed where, on the rounded arm of a big easy chair, she had little more liberty of movement than that of swinging her feet naughtily and rebelliously, while her husband questioned her.

"What book were you reading so intently this afternoon when I came upon you in the corridor? Let me see it?"

"Shan't!" (A time). "Oh, you coward! Because you are strong! I shall go to—to—"

"Where? To whom?" said Harry, easily.

"To my—to Aunt Laetitia."

"She wouldn't have you, child," laughed her husband, "and besides, she would charge you board—which I should have to pay!"

"Well, I would pay it out of my own money—there!"

"What own money?"

"My house money!"

"You forget, Mrs. Morris-Moore," said her husband, gravely, "if you run away you wouldn't have any house money!"

Then in a burst, as he shook her, "Oh, you great baby," he cried, "make up. Bring the book! It was a volume of your diary. I knew by the lock. I'll show you mine. Fair exchange! Off with you!"

"Well, come with me, then," said Clara, holding out her hand, "but don't you think I'm giving in. It's only yielding to brute force. My spirit is unconquered."

"Never mind your spirit," said her lord, "fetch the book!"

And in these books, the greater and the lesser, they read late into the night. And this was what they found.

"Christmas eve"—said Clara, "begin there!"

And she paused, waiting, with her finger in its place.

"Oh," said her husband, "I don't think there is much!"

"And you call yourself a writer!"

"Well, shall I begin?" Clara was all on pins and needles now. She could hardly keep still. The quarrel was forgotten.

"Christmas eve" (she read). "A dull day—Paid calls in the lane—Went to Margaret's. Baby is adorable and Tom begins to love me and calls me Auntie dear. Came home by Grant's and brought back fruit for dinner. There is a man coming, a friend of father's. It is a horrid nuisance."

Here Clara Moore broke off suddenly.

"Oh, I wrote everything fresh, you see. I wanted to remember. You've no idea how bad my memory used to be in those days. Being married helps. One has to remember one's husband's iniquities."

"Set in a notebook, learned and conned by rote," murmured Harry.

His wife stopped and looked severely at him.

"Well," she said, "I did write a lot, I know, and yours is no fair exchange. I did it partly as an exercise, you see, for I was considered very good at composition at school, whatever you may think. Besides, I don't believe you have anything in that book at all."

"Oh, yes—I have!" and he flourished a closely written page of memoranda before her eyes.

"Well," she said, with a sigh (and her eyes were dim and distant), "I will read—though I never thought to let anyone see—not even you. But since you have been so horrid to me, I will."

It seemed an odd reason, but Harry wisely nodded. Clara fluttered some leaves thoughtfully. "Where shall I go on?" she asked, knitting her brows.

"You did begin from the beginning," he smiled as he spoke, "why not continue?"

She glanced up with sudden shyness, almost as he spoke, "why not continue?"

She glanced up with sudden shyness, almost like a surprised Eve.

"You were saying that it was a horrid nuisance, having me come to dinner," said Harry Moore, "did you change your mind?"

"Here it is," said his wife, running her eye down the columns of close-knit writing. "11:00 p.m. He is gone. It was not so horrid after all. But I think he likes Edith best. He is big and badly dressed. Why can't writers and artistic people dress humanly? He had on the funniest I ever saw, and a beard, and he came in a big gray cloak like one of Millet's shepherds. But he talked—yes, it was worth

while hearing him talk. Not much to me, though, but he looked at me a lot, and somehow seemed to be conscious of everything I was doing. Dr. Stonor came in after, and wanted me to look out music for him. We went into the corner together and got out the folios, and though he was talking to father, I knew very well he was watching us. That's all," Clara concluded. She had been reading very rapidly, as if anxious to get to the end. "Now for yours!"

Mine! oh, mine's no great thing," said Harry, opening his little black pocketbook, "fotings merely."

"Go on, please," cried Clara, stamping her foot, "and mind, don't alter a word or put in more. I shall know!"

"Christmas eve" (began Harry) "worked at Guardian article, took it round, saw proof of yesterday's. Chief wants me to go to Armenia about the atrocities. Shan't! To club in afternoon—Clifton, McCosh, Moxon and several of the fellows there, who wanted me to stop. Told them I couldn't. Had to go out to old Linklater's to dinner—girls, music, bore—but I should look in later."

"Oh!" interjected Clara, with her head suddenly haughty, "a bore—was it?"

"You said a horrid nuisance!" remarked her husband, and continued his reading without troubling to defend himself further.

"I got there early—long way out of town—several false trails. At last found the place—a big house under trees. From the doorway I could see in the hall a girl standing on steps, putting up holly and green stuff. Presently old Linklater came and introduced me. 'This is Clara!' I became conscious of two great, dark, steady, grayish-hazel eyes. The dinner went all right after that. Pretty—well, I don't know: a fascinating and glamorous person certainly. There was also a sister."

"Nonsense!" said Clara. "You are making up as you go along. I know you."

Her husband silently handed her the book. Decidedly it was so written.

Clara did not apologize for her unbelief. She only remarked, "Oh, but you are a dear."

And, rubbing her cheek against his coat sleeve, she purred.

"Go on!" she said.

"Dinner quite informal, Harry continued. 'Talked too much, but got led on somehow. Everything went well. Doctor fellow there, who put on a lot of friend-of-the-family side—sat in a corner and talked to the girl with the eyes.'"

"Ah, ha! You see—you were jealous already!" cried Clara, clapping her hands joyously.

"Nonsense!" said Harry Moore. "Of little Stonor? I think I see myself!"

"Read the next day—go on—go on! No, the day you came to Elton again!"

"Went to make my 'digestion' call. Took some flowers up to Elton, and talked to the old lady. Think I made a conquest. But the Lady of the Eyes did not show up. Waited an hour and a half, but don't think I wasted my time entirely. Dear old lady!"

"Harry, you are a cold-blooded wretch!"

"Very much the contrary, Mrs. Moore!"

"Now shall I read?" And without giving him time to answer, Clara opened the solid basil boards and continued, "Dec. 28th: Went out all the afternoon with Miss Grierson. Down the lane—soup kitchen, girls' club, and went home with her to tea. When I got home I saw mother had a secret. You always knew by the satisfied way she has of looking mysterious. She would be disappointed if you didn't ask her at once. So I teased her to tell."

"Do you know whom I've been entertaining all afternoon?" she said, her shoulders shaking with repressed laughter. I understood well enough.

"Oh, the curate," I said, as carelessly as I could. "I saw him going down the lane like a pair of compasses let loose."

"Do you think the curate would bring me those?" said mother, triumphantly. And she showed me a lovely bunch of roses, a wagon-load nearly, which she had set well back in the dusk of the piano, so that I should not see them before mother had her little triumph. My! they must have cost heaps of money this time of year. 'They are all mine,' said mother, 'but if you are good you can have just one bud for yourself. You see what one gets by staying quietly at home!'

"She was teasing me, of course, this dear old sweet-hearted mother."

"You see what one gets for doing works of charity and mercy!" I said. "He would have given them to me if I'd been here. I'll never do a good action again!"

"Now turn on to 'Four Seas Cottage,' and read about that," cried Clara. Her eyes were not gray now, nor yet hazel. The dark pupils had swallowed up all the rest, overflowing everything with the soft blackness of a misty night of few stars.

"Let's see. Easter, wasn't it?" said her husband. "But why skip? Much water had flowed under bridges during these months of spring."

"Oh, I want to get to the end—the end!" Clara whispered, excitedly. "Quick, quick—I can't wait!"

"Well, here it is: 'April 8th. We went a walk along the beach, she and I. We talked. I told her that unless something was going to come of this, I must go away.'"

"What," she said, "for altogether?" And I said "Yes." Then she walked a good while silent, and when I looked, I could see—"

"No, you didn't," said Clara. "I could never have been so silly!"

"Tear after big tear rolling slowly down her cheek," Harry continued, imperturbably. "I needed no more than that—who would?"

"You don't want me to go?" I cried.

"She shook her head, still weeping, and not caring now whether I saw or not."

"So I stayed."

They sat long silent that night in their own home, near each other, and happy Harry's heart was softened. He was in the mood for concessions.

"Dear," he said, "if you would like Aunt Laetitia to come and stay with us a month—"

"Oh, bother Aunt Laetitia!" exclaimed Mrs. Henry Moore, "I only want you!"

And thus did Clara Murray-Linklater deny her father's house and cleave to her husband.

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GIVE HER ANOTHER.



Fondpar—You say baby swallowed a spoon? Did it hurt her?
Mrs. Fondpar—I'm afraid so; she hasn't been able to stir since!

What World Lost?

"It was the worst calamity that ever happened to me," sighed the pale, intellectual high browed young woman. "I had written a modern society novel, complete to the last chapter, and a careless servant girl gathered the sheets of the manuscript from the floor, where the wind had blown them, and used them to start a fire in the grate."

"What a burning shame that was!" commented Miss Tartan.

His Means.

"You are charged with vagrancy, prisoner at the bar."

"What's dat, judge?"

"Vagrancy? Why, you have no visible means of support."

"Huh! Heah's mah wife, judge; Mary, is you visible?"

A Woman's Privilege.

"What is the latest thing in weddings?"

"Generally, it is the bride."

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RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

H. Potter and daughter Fae spent Tuesday in Chicago.
Chas. Harbaugh and L. W. Rowling spent Wednesday in Chicago.
Mrs. A. E. Wentz is confined to her home with an attack of grippe.
Allendale boys moved into their new school last week.
Mrs. C. B. Dix narrowly escaped being run down by the fast train here last Tuesday.
John Leonard has accepted a position at the head office of the American Express company.
Carl Miller surprised his friends by quietly slipping away and bringing home a bride last week.

RUSSELL

The new home of Mr. Dexter is about complete.
Lester Murray bought a fine horse at Kelly Bros. sale.
Miss Barbara Chase is spending a few days at Milwaukee.
A number of Russell people attended the fair at Rosecrans on Friday night.
Mr. Robert Patch of Chicago visited at this place a few days during the week.
The ladies of the Mount Rest Society meet with Mrs. John Grealy on Wednesday of this week.
Mrs. H. F. Siver, Mrs. E. P. Siver and Mrs. Alcock were Milwaukee visitors on Friday.
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Murrie spent Sunday with Mr. Alex. Murrie of Kenosha who is quite ill.

Combines Them All.
The woman who runs a home sacrifices no dignity; the woman who runs a home well combines all the professions of womanhood.

A German Proverb.
The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

BRISTOL

Harry Castle of Chicago visited relatives and friends here the latter part of last week.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Forn, nee Grace Ellis, a boy on December 6.
Mrs. Andrew Beernink is visiting her sister in Milwaukee this week.
Frank Gilbert left on Sunday for Rock Island being called there by the serious illness of his brother's wife.
Mrs. Cynthia Pringle who has been assisting in the care of her mother, Mrs. Richards, the past two or three weeks, returned to Mapleton, Iowa Sunday.

Mesdames Geo. Brown, C. Brown Geo. Bryant, A. DeVuyst and E. L. Stonebraker did Christmas shopping in Kenosha Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Larabee expect to become tenants on the Chas. Rice farm south of town, January 1. Mr. Larabee will act as foreman.

At a meeting of the Mystic Workers Tuesday evening, the following were elected: Wm. Foulke, Perfect; Mrs. F. A. Lavey, Monitor; Geo. Shumway, Marshal; A. H. Bottley, Sec'y; Edith Snyder, Banner; Gordon Snyder, Warden; W. A. Lewis, Sentinel.

Our Railroad Mileage.
We get our products to the consumer by 250,000 miles of railroad, which is three times the railroad mileage of Great Britain, France and Germany combined.

If Abe Martin Has No Objection.
Link Gillenwater says no man can be religious when he's breakin' in a pair o' new shoes. More'n half o' the cocoanuts ain't wot they're cracked up to be.

Banks On Sure Thing Now.
"I'll never be without Dr. King's New Life Pills again," writes A. Schlingbeck, 647 Elm St., Buffalo, N. Y. "They cured me of chronic constipation when all other failed." Unequaled for biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, headache, chills malaria and debility. 25c at J. H. Swans.

MILLSBURN

A Christmas program and tree will be held at the church Christmas eve.
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Russell and John spent Saturday in Chicago.

Mr. and Miss McGuire spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Hook of Grange Hall.

Messrs. A. W. Safford, A. K. Bain and A. E. Martin transacted business in Chicago the past week.

Mr. George Jamison and Arthur Van Alstine spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Garrity of Virgil, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Holmer invited several little friends of their grandson Alden Holmes as a surprise to help Alden celebrate his seventh birthday on Saturday.

Little Lois Stewart, daughter of Lyman Stewart while coughing ruptured a blood vessel in her head. A. H. Stewart left Sunday morning for Chicago.

Can't Wear Brown Shoes.

"Do you know that certain individuals cannot possibly wear brown shoes?" inquired the veteran shoe clerk.

"I have been in the business more than twenty years, and I can name several regular customers, who every season make a frantic but futile effort to wear brown shoes in precisely the same size, made over the same last and in the same quality of leather as the black ones they are discarding, and yet within a month the customers come back saying they had given away or sold for a song the brown shoes. It seems as if some feet are not constituted to endure the touch of the brown leather."

Making of a Man.

A tired mother who had been occupied all day with an active and very troublesome boy, as she sat down in the evening and thought of the numberless details in which her strength had gone, said: "After all, it is a day toward the making of a man."

Ends Winter's Troubles.

To many, winter is a season of trouble. The frost bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold sores, red and rough skins, prove this. But such troubles fly before Bucklen's Arnica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healer of burns, boils, piles, cuts, sores, eczema and sprains. Only 25c. at J. H. Swans.

DRINK PLENTY OF WATER

It Flushes the System, Carrying Out Impurities and Leaving What is Beneficial.

To say that drinking at least three pints of water a day would make a beautiful would be grossly exaggerated, but it is perfectly true that such an amount of fluid, taken judiciously every day, will be a wonderful aid in acquiring or increasing good looks, and it is such a cheap way of improving one's appearance that to ignore it is a pity.

Water, properly taken, flushes the system as a pipe is cleaned by putting down it a large quantity of pure cleansing liquid at once. And, as with the pipe, impurities are carried out, leaving only that which is beneficial.

In order that the good effect shall be gained, two facts are important: One is that the liquid shall not be taken with meals, and the other that it shall not be of icy temperatures. In the former case it dilutes the gastric juices, sometimes causing indigestion, and certainly neutralizing some of the nourishing properties of food; in the latter it stays digestion, and may be the cause of severe pain.

Many dietitians now agree that water should not be taken with meals, and that many cases of indigestion may be traced directly to the fact that this theory is unheeded. To derive benefit a glassful should be taken at a time, sipping it slowly and not gulping in large quantities. Ten minutes for each glass is none too long. The temperature may be cool, but not sufficiently so to chill the stomach.

The first drink is not to be taken sooner than half an hour after a meal, and water is not to be put into the stomach later than half an hour before a meal.

TRIALS OF THE BANK CLERK

Through Them All He Sticks to Post, Preserves Self Respect and Respect of Others.

One occasionally hears of a defalcation on the part of a clerk in a bank, trust company or other financial institution; but, considering the number of men so employed, the proportion that fall of absolute honesty is small indeed. The young man who is always neat, always courteous, always at his desk to enter your credits or point out your errors seldom forgets that he is dealing with the property of other people; yet as bad influences, as bad environment, as bad examples as are brought to bear upon him from any source frequently emanate right in banking circles possibly within the very institution which he serves faithfully for a very small salary.

Unfairness in administration is perhaps before him every day; handling of securities and money by the heads of institutions in ways that would be thought improper (not to say dishonest) if employed by the bookkeeper or check clerk is often done with his knowledge and with the knowledge of his fellow clerks; yet he sticks to his post and seldom fails to preserve his self respect and deserve the respect of others.—I. F. Ferris in Leslie's.

What Would Happen?

Uncle Ezra says: "I dunno what would happen to the av'ridge man of he once got his work all done up."

Want To Help Some One.

For thirty years J. F. Boyer, of Fertile, Mo., needed help and couldn't find it. That's why he wants to help some one now. Suffering so long himself he feels for distress from backache, nervousness, loss of appetite, lassitude and kidney disorders. He shows that electric bitters work wonders for such troubles. "Five bottles," he writes, "wholly cured me and now I am well and hearty." It's also positively guaranteed for liver trouble, dyspepsia, blood disorders, female complaints and Malaria, try them. 50c. at J. H. Swans.

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A Pertinent Question.
"Papa," queried small Lola, who was watching the sun rise, "where does the dark go when daylight comes?"

Her One Condition.
He—Would you be satisfied to give up your present beautiful home and live in a little white cottage?
She—I might, if there was a little red automobile hitched in front of the door.—Montreal Star.

Sure to Be Rescued.
Young woman missing from home is described as one of the best cooks in Harlem. There should be no trouble organizing searching parties to go in quest of a young woman with that record.—New York Herald.

Earth is a Magnet.
The earth is a great magnet, having a North Pole situated in the region of Hudson's Bay, British North America, and two South Poles within the Antarctic circle.



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Next Excursion December 20, 1910

Excursion 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month

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Anthony Riggs' Time

by
Clarissa Mackie

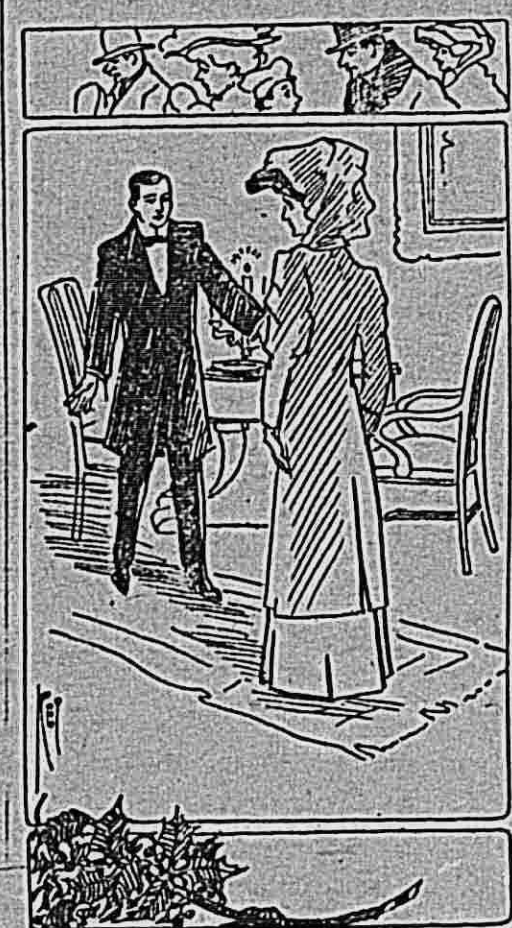
Christmas comes but once a year—when it goes I'm glad of it! Missed Mr. Anthony Riggs, looking at the toe of his slipper. Anthony Riggs lived all alone in a big house, there was no one to do his unpleasant remarks, upstairs in the kitchen his one ant cluttered noisily about her. Everywhere else in the house was very quiet. And there is no place like that of a great house, which has once known the joyful roar of a large and happy family. Years ago Anthony had had a love girl, but it ended most unhappily. The girl had married another man. Anthony Riggs had been left to elop into a morose old bachelor—not so very old at that. Christmas comes but once a year—I'll try to get as far away from as I can," misquoted Mr. Riggs to himself, as he kicked off his slippers and reached for his shoes. When he buttoned tightly into his fur-lined ulster and his sealskin cap was pulled down over his ears there was a light to be seen save a pair of bright brown eyes and an aristocratic nose. Once in the snowy streets Anthony Riggs found himself nearer to Christmas than he had been before. The cops were overflying with holly leaves and branches of mistletoe, and games and candy and nuts, and gifts were displayed in the windows and many happy, expectant faces were pressed against the plate-glass panes. "Please, sir," said a small voice at Anthony's elbow, "can't you give me job carrying your bundles?" "What bundles?" frowned Anthony. "Your Christmas presents—what you're going to buy, sir," said the little boy, respectfully. "I'm not going to buy any presents," replied Anthony quite fiercely. "Here's something for you—go and buy your own gifts and don't bother me!" He thrust a dollar bill into the eager little fingers and strode on, unmindful of the curious glances of those who had overheard his conversation with the little lad. A glittering window full of jewels threw a flash of light on his memory. It was in that same shop he had once purchased a ring for Mary Wood. The ring had been returned to him and he had flung it into the farthest corner of his desk. It was there now. He turned away and sauntered on. In front of his own church, friendly hands drew him into the brightly lighted basement of the edifice where the annual Christmas bazaar was in progress. There was a merry throng of men, women and children moving to and fro among the booths devoted to the sale of fancy articles, toys and candy. Supper tables occupied one end of the room and in an obscure corner a fortune teller's tent was made of gay shawls. In the middle of the room stood a gigantic Christmas tree, loaded with gifts wrapped in tissue paper. "Ten cents will entitle you to a gift from the tree," explained his guide. "I don't like presents," said Anthony grimly. Deacon Smithers smiled quizzically. "Very well, suit yourself, Anthony! There is the fortune teller—perhaps she will predict a happy future for you! There is the supper table, that will insure you a good meal—and the booths—pay your money and take your choice!" He moved away and left Anthony Riggs standing pale and cold in the midst of the happy crowd. Perhaps it was because he did not know what else to do that Anthony awaited his turn at the fortune teller's tent, and once within its dim recesses he felt foolishly aware that the future held nothing for him that he did not know. The gipsy's dark head was concealed in the folds of a lace mantilla; from the flowing sleeves of her red velvet bodice, two slim brown arms and hands flashed out and caught his large hand. The lace-draped head bent over his palm. "You have had much sorrow," said the gipsy in a low musical voice, "but much of it has been your own making! Do the things I shall tell you and you will live to be very happy and see your dearest wish gratified!" Anthony smiled sardonically. "And the three things I shall do?" he asked. "The day after tomorrow is Christmas day. Tomorrow night you must make three persons happy. Find three persons who are poor and needy and sorrowful and take them to your home and provide them with a bountiful dinner; have gifts for them and when they have gone away blessing you—then, you may receive a gift yourself." "What will it be? I don't want a gift—I haven't kept Christmas for years," protested Anthony, as he placed some money on the table. "Time you did, then! Don't forget—

or you will lose your last chance of being happy. And stay—" A slim hand arrested his going. "Yes!" Anthony's voice was very cold. "Be sure to have that ring in readiness—you may need it!" And the next instant Anthony found himself elbowed out of the tent by impatient waiters at the door, and without another glance about the decorated room he left the church and went home, much perturbed. Of course, Anthony Riggs knew that the fortune teller could be none other than some member of his church who was familiar with more or less of the detail of his life and habits. He was surprised at his own lack of indignation because his private affairs had been discussed by a stranger—indeed, he almost felt a glow of gratification that he was still numbered among those to whom something wonderful might happen. "I'll try it, anyway," said Anthony that night as he blew out his candle. "It can do no harm."

It is a simple matter to make poor people happy. Anthony Riggs found it so. The day before Christmas was marked by a series of galvanic shocks for the servant maid in the basement of Anthony's fine house. Before night the pantries were filled with delicious viands and the smell of spices and mince meat pervaded the house. Anthony's three persons became six, for it was so easy to add another one and still another to the little company he had invited. They were old men and women and they enjoyed the feast of good things with a pleasure that made Anthony's heart ache as it had never ached since the day when Mary Wood had sent back his ring.

At last he sent them home in carriages laden with the remains of the dinner and with many gifts that would add comfort to declining years. The best gift of all was that Anthony Riggs had promised not to forget them—he would be their benefactor till they had passed into the hands of the great benefactor.

When he was alone in the brightly lighted parlor, with the blaze of the chandelier falling on the silver threads in his black hair, Anthony thought



"And You—You Meant What You Promised?—That Happiness Would Come to Me?"

of the bitter years he had wasted—years in which he might have made many persons happy. The reward of good deeds was warm in his heart this night and he forgot that there was not one to offer him a gift with loving words. He had received the greatest of all gifts—the love and gratitude of his fellow men.

The door softly opened and a woman, an crept in, small, slender woman with dusky hair and dark eyes shining like stars.

Anthony Riggs did not look up. He had forgotten that the fortune teller had promised him a gift that night. On his little finger was a small ring set with a single pearl.

"Anthony!" The visitor's voice was low and musical.

"Mary Wood," said Anthony hoarsely; and then with a glance at the black lace draped about her head, he added:

"You were the fortune teller last night?"

"Yes."

"And you—you meant what you promised?—that happiness would come to me?"

"It has come, Anthony," she faltered drawing near to him. "We were so mistaken—you and I—and the years have been long. I am free now—they said you needed me and that night when I saw your bitter face I knew you needed the influence of a greater love than mine before we met."

Anthony Riggs took his sweetheart into his arms. "I have found the greater love, Mary, and its root is pity. My love for you will be better and worthier because of my love for the poor and needy. And tomorrow—tomorrow you will marry me and become my Christmas gift in truth?"

"Yes," said Mary Wood.

And so Anthony Riggs slipped the little pearl ring on her finger.

(Copyright, 1910.)

A Way Out of It.

Anna was making Christmas presents.

"Oh, dear, this doesn't look nice," said she.

Little Helen, looking on, remarked in a sympathizing tone:

"Oh, well, auntie, you can give it to some one who is near-sighted."

Derrick did not dare to look at Polly

Christmas for Two

by
Clarissa Mackie

The crowded east-bound train disgorged two passengers at the little red station and then thundered on its busy way.

A long stage, rusty and ramshackle, backed up to the platform and the driver's lusty "All aboard!" brought the girl and the young man hurrying into its dismal depths.

"I s'pose you're for Ferguson's place," remarked the driver as he turned the horses skillfully in the narrow space.

"Yes," said the man rather gruffly. "I thought there would be a carriage to meet us."

"So there has—so there has! Been prancin' around her for two or three hours, but I guess they got disgusted; anyways, they left word for me to stay here till the train came in and if anyone was bound for their place to bring 'em along. The train's four hours late as it is, and I don't suppose them servants want to be kept away from their Christmas dinner."

"How long will it take us?" asked the girl.

"A matter of an hour or so," was the unconcerned reply.

The girl stifled an exclamation of annoyance and she drew still farther away from the vicinity of the morose young man. The latter turned up the astrakhan collar of his overcoat and dropped his chin into its depths.

They had started forth that morning so joyfully—Polly Standish and Derrick Gordon—newly engaged and blissfully happy. Things had gone wrong from the very beginning. Polly's aunt, who was to accompany them, for the short stay at Ferguson's hospitable country house, had failed to put in an appearance, and consequently had been left behind. That was vexatious. Then the train had been delayed by snow drifts and during the four hours' wait in the cold train Polly and Derrick had quarreled.

"Nice Christmas day," volunteered the stage driver in a queer, cracked voice, as they squeaked over the hard-packed snow.

"Very!" returned Derrick, sarcastically.

There was a long silence as the strong white horses plodded up the steep incline of the mountain. Here the snowfall had been light and only served to dust the dark green pines and hemlocks with a white powder.

They had reached the top of a steep incline and were rolling evenly over a level stretch when suddenly, without an instant's warning, the stage crashed down and precipitated the passengers and luggage in an ignominious heap under the driver's seat.

"Are you hurt?" asked Derrick coldly, as he assisted Polly to her feet.

"No, thank you," she said stiffly, as she peered out from the curtained window.

The driver was soothing the frightened horses and his nut-cracker face was knotted anxiously.

"Lost a wheel, by gorry!" he said, ruefully. "Smashed it to splinters!"

Derrick had crawled out and stood beside him.

"This is the dickens of a mess—how are we to get to Ferguson's place? Are we near a telephone—or where are we anyway?"

Luke Sanders scratched his ear thoughtfully. "I took a short road across—'tain't the usual route to Ferguson's and we ain't near nobody! Ten miles from anywhere. The only thing to do is for me to ride one of the horses into the village and send back another wagon. You and the young lady better get out and move about a bit and keep warm. You might build a fire—there's plenty of fuel." He was unharmed the horses as he spoke.

"Why can't we all ride—or better still, Miss Standish can ride one of them and I will walk beside her. We will get there much quicker and can keep warm and have something to eat. We're almost starved!" Derrick glanced quickly at the stage where Polly's pale face was framed in the darkened opening.

"Can't nobody ride Bob-white. A jumpin' kangaroo ain't nothin' to that horse if anybody gets on his back! Just you stay here and make yourselves comfortable and warm and I'll be back in the course of an hour or so." He tethered the ferocious Bob-white to a tree by the roadside. Then from the space under his seat in the stage he drew forth a basket covered with a white cloth.

"This here basket has got a Christmas dinner inside—my wife fixed it up for old Miss Benton down to the ford but I can stop and get another basketful for the old lady. You two are welcome to it." He clambered on the waiting horse and smiled as his horny hand closed around the generous banknote that Derrick slipped from his pocket.

"Merry Christmas to you and your wife, sir," he called back over his shoulder before he disappeared around a turn in the road.

Derrick did not dare to look at Polly

Standish; he knew she was sitting proud and defiant with a contemptuous curl on her red lip. Instead, he stared away through the aisles of trees, made into golden paths by the later afternoon sun.

It was too bad that Christmas should have turned out so disastrously for them both. There was to be a jolly party at the Fergusons and in the evening a Christmas dance. Perhaps Ralph Ferguson would send forth another conveyance for them—but it would go by that other road. They were marooned on the short cut.

A glimpse of Polly's woeful face brought a revulsion of feeling. Poor little Polly was cold and tired and he was acting like a brute.

Without a word Derrick approached a small clearing in the middle of which grew a young pine tree.

It was the work of minutes to gather an armful of wood and broken branches and to clear a space of snow. Presently a bright fire crackled cheerily and then Derrick brought cushions and blankets from the stage and prepared a place for Polly.

"Come, Miss Standish," he said politely. "If you will draw near the fire we will have some dinner."

"I'm not hungry," said Polly, holding her hands to the blaze.

"At least you will sit down and wrap this blanket around you—so," insisted Derrick.

"Thank you," said Polly without enthusiasm.

From the blanket Derrick produced a large plate loaded with a generous Christmas dinner. There were turkey and cranberry sauce, stuffing and mashed potatoes and gravy, turnips and celery, and a whole mince pie.

Derrick managed to convey half of the dinner more or less daintily to the plate and this he placed before Polly. "Eat," he said sternly. "You will need the nourishment before we reach Ferguson's."

"I am not a child," said Polly resentfully.

Derrick did not reply. He fell to his own dinner with a vigorous appetite and it was not until he turned to give



"This is Our Christmas Tree, Polly Dear," said Derrick, in a Low Tone.

Polly some mince pie that he discovered that the weary girl had eaten a little of the dinner and then fallen asleep in her nest of blankets.

For a long time he watched the changing lights on her sweet face as the branches tossed in the wind; then, softly he arose and approached the little pine tree standing in the middle of the clearing.

The cones were silvered with snow and it looked like a Christmas tree decorated for a festival.

Derrick opened his suit case and brought out sundry white packages. These he tied to the tree with colored cord. Gay toys for the Ferguson children were added until the little tree stood forth bravely in its fine attire.

"Polly!" he called softly. "Polly!" Polly sat up with startled eyes seeking his face. For the instant she had forgotten their misunderstanding, but suddenly their light clouded.

"Come here, Polly, and see our Christmas tree," urged Derrick.

Reluctantly she came, a rose flush staining her pale cheeks. But yet her red lips were obstinately set in a straight line.

"This is our Christmas tree, Polly dear," said Derrick in a low tone. "Yours and mine! Shall we be happy and enjoy not only this one, but many, many others after, please God? Say, dear."

"Oh, Derrick, how wicked of us to quarrel when we should be happy! I am so sorry!" sobbed Polly in Derrick's coat sleeve.

"And so am I—and now I'm glad," said Derrick after a time. "Now, let's enjoy our own particular tree before anyone comes! I shall be Santa Claus—and you may be Mrs. Santa Claus!"

"I have things in my bag, too," blushed Polly as she hastened away.

An hour afterward Ralph Ferguson brought a sleighload of merry-makers in search of them. Together they sat demurely on a log before a dying fire. Near by stood a little pine tree, powdered with snow, and dripping with hanging cones.

"You're just in time for the biggest Christmas tree you ever saw," said Ralph as he gathered up the lines and clucked to the horses.

"We've had our Christmas tree," said Derrick mysteriously, while Polly smiled back at him out of happy eyes.

A Christmas Angel

by
Donald Allen

A pretty young girl, well wrapped up against the cold night, and a half-grown boy carrying a large basket, were crossing the street when an automobile swung suddenly around the corner. To save themselves, the girl and the boy had to make a sudden retreat, and in so doing they dropped the basket and it was crushed under the wheels.

There were four young men in the automobile. They were singing and laughing and enjoying the license of Christmas eve. They jeered at the boy for dropping the basket, and they raised their hats in mock courtesy to the girl.

"Miss, I didn't go for to do it!" apologized the boy, who had been hired as a messenger, and who had been told that the basket contained food for poor families in the tenement beyond.

"I know—I know," replied the girl. "It wasn't your fault, but I'm so sorry. The sick woman and her children won't have the food and toys now, but I have a little change in my purse and I can still do something. You needn't go any farther; it is just across the street. Good-night to you."

"Missy," said the boy as she was about to move away, "you gave me a dime to carry the basket. Here it is. Give it to some kid up there who wants a mouth-organ. Oh, you must take it, and if you say so I'll wait here till them fellers come back and hit 'em with a rock."

"But how about your Christmas, Jimmy?" the girl asked.

"Oh, I can skirmish around, same as I always do. Night to you, and I hope that sick woman will get better."

The girl crossed the street and entered the hallway of the tenement and climbed to the third floor. Three children were waiting for her on the landing, and uttered glad shouts at sight of her. She had been there before and had promised them that she would come on Christmas eve. Within the poverty-stricken rooms called home a sick woman was lying on a bed. She smiled and was glad at sight of the girl.

She told them the incident of the auto and the loss of the basket, and then she counted over her scanty change and went downstairs to the nearest grocery. It was little she could buy. There would be Christmas eating, but no feast. The little stockings with their holes would be hung, but there would be no Santa Claus to fill them. The children stood with their faces to the wall and wept, and the girl held the hand of the sick woman and shed tears.

As they sat thus the door opened and let in the cold air from the hall. An old man stood outside. He was ragged and unkempt, and hunger had given him the face of a wolf. There was not a soft line in it. Peering out of his own door on the same floor, he had seen the girl come bearing packages. There was bread on the table before him.

The children cried out as they saw the look on the old man's face, and the girl rose up and barred his way.

"I want bread and I'll have it!" he exclaimed hoarsely.

"But you can't take it from this sick woman and these helpless children."

"I tell you I'm hungry—I want bread! Why didn't you come to me first? I am old; there is no work for me, but I will not die like a dog. Stand aside! You will not? Then—"

He seized her by the arms and there was a struggle. The children were shouting for help, and the man-wolf was nearing the coveted loaves when some one entered and seized him and whirled him about and thrust him out into the hall, shutting the door on his oaths and snarls. The children ceased their cries and the girl looked up to see a young man standing in the center of the room, gazing around him.

"It is your fault!" she half-sobbed. "You were in the auto that almost ran me down. You laughed in my face as you raised your hat. But for you there would have been plenty of food and some presents here."

"Yes, I was one of them," the man answered. "It is Christmas eve, and we were out for a lark. Yes, I looked straight into your eyes, and in five minutes I was ashamed of myself. I came back and hunted until I found the boy. When he told me that you were a Christmas angel, and that he had given his last dime to help out, I was still more ashamed of myself and of my friends. Can you forgive me?"

"Yes, it is Christmas eve," she said in a voice hardly above a whisper, as she seemed to listen to the merry shouts from the street. "There are tens of thousands of persons on the streets in merry mood, but what have we here? What have we in every room in this old rookery? Were you thinking of it when you crushed the basket I was bringing?—when you smiled in my face?"

"I was a brute," he answered.

"I was bringing my little mite," she

continued in a deprecatory way. "I have a widowed mother to support, and I could not spare much. I was weeks saving up to buy what was in that basket. You are rich, perhaps. It would have been nothing to you." The children stood hushed and awed, and the sick woman closed her eyes and wondered at it all. The young man and the girl looked straight into each other's eyes as they talked, and her words seemed to cut him like the lash of a whip. When there had been silence for a minute, and the old man-wolf was heard snarling as he paced the hall, the young man said:

"I am ashamed and sorry. Let that answer for the moment. Will you come with me?"

And without the slightest fear in her mind, and with a smile at the mother and her children, she arose. Intuition told her what was in the stranger's thoughts. He carried the bread and butter into the hall and placed them in the hands of the fierce-faced old man. He fell to devouring them as if he had, indeed, been a wolf of the forest, and when another tenant came out and asked for crumbs he was frightened away by snarls and growls.

"Now come," said the young man. Up one street and down another for an hour, they went. Wines and jellies and fruits, they bought for the woman whose ailment was starvation more than disease—food to last for days and days. They selected, next, gifts and new stockings to receive them—what-ever money could buy and the two could bundle into their arms, they picked up. And all the time, though neither one knew the name of the other, they talked and laughed and were like children in their delight.

The return to the tenement was like the arrival of a lord and his lady. There was something for other children, too, and a policeman, pausing in



"I Have a Widowed Mother to Support, and I Could Not Spare Much."

the lower hall, heard such shouts of pleasure and so much childish laughter that he glanced up the dimly-lighted stairs and said to himself:

"Old Santa must have changed his route this year and come among the poor."

And at a late hour, when the Christmas angel and her guardian walked downstairs together and she was put into a cab for home, they still talked and still laughed, nor did they know that they would ever meet again. She had lashed him for his heartlessness. She was hoping that he would see that she had forgiven him. He had been almost brutal. He was hoping that she had seen his better side. No cards—no names.

"Good-night," they said at parting; and when he raised his hat she knew that it was in courtesy instead of irony.

Days later, when the girl visited the old tenement again, the sick woman and her children had vanished, but had left word behind for her. The man-wolf was still there, but instead of growling and showing his teeth, he smiled at her. In another place, with light and air and food and comfort in abundance, the girl found the mother and her little ones. It was a glad surprise, and to the look of inquiry the widow, no longer in bed, whispered:

"He did it! He did it all!"

One evening, when long weeks had passed, the young man was waiting at the home of the girl when she came from her place of daily employment.

"I have been talking with the mother," he said, quietly. "She says I may call. What does the Christmas Angel say?"

(Copyright, 1910.)

A Simple Gift.

When one wishes to send little more than a remembrance at Christmas yet does not care to use cards, a novelty that can be made by the girl who paints is a match scratcher in the form of a card.

Have an oblong background of colored cardboard, and on it paint a quaint figure out from fine emery paper in soft tones of brown, heightened by gay touches in the costume. It is then cut out and pasted on the back, which may be left plain, painted with scenery to correspond.

Sometimes these scratchers are done in entirely monochrome, with huge muffs, neckerchiefs or Greuze figures.

Scratchers can be colored.

FRIEDMAN'S ROUSING CHRISTMAS SALE

CONTINUES UNTIL CHRISTMAS DAY

Every department complete and in readiness, the Christmas spirit reigns throughout the entire store. All goods are conveniently displayed for easy selection of Christmas gifts, suggesting scores of ideas of what to give

Do your Holiday Shopping now and avoid the rush of the last few days before Christmas

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SALE

Xmas Gloves

A Useful Gift that Everybody Appreciates

Ladies' \$1.50 guaranteed kid gloves in all colors and sizes.....	98c
Best quality dogskin, also undressed kid gloves at only.....	1.39
Ladies and missess' dressy gauntlet gloves at only.....	1.45
Long white \$1.00 kid gloves, very special.....	2.95
Ladies' \$1.25 kid mittens, fur tops.....	75c
Children's bearskin Mittens.....	52c
Ladies' and children's 50c golf gloves.....	25c
Children's 19c mittens at.....	8c

Holiday Specials

\$1.00 hand bags 49c	25c neckwear 8c
\$1 child's hat for 19c	10c handkerchiefs for 5c
\$2 Persian mull muffler at 95c	\$1.00 Child's sweaters at 39c
25c corset covers 9c	Hair nets, 8 for 25c
\$2.50 hair switches 1.00	50c hair rolls 19c
Child's 50c bonnets 19c	Fancy tea aprons 25c
Fancy Umbrellas for Xmasgift, \$1 to 10.00	\$4.50 Ladies' Panama Skirt for 1.95

Beautiful Neckwear

In an an enples number of styles, prettily boxed for gift piving

Handsome collars, Jabots and combination Neckwear, Persian Effect, many others 75c.... **25c**

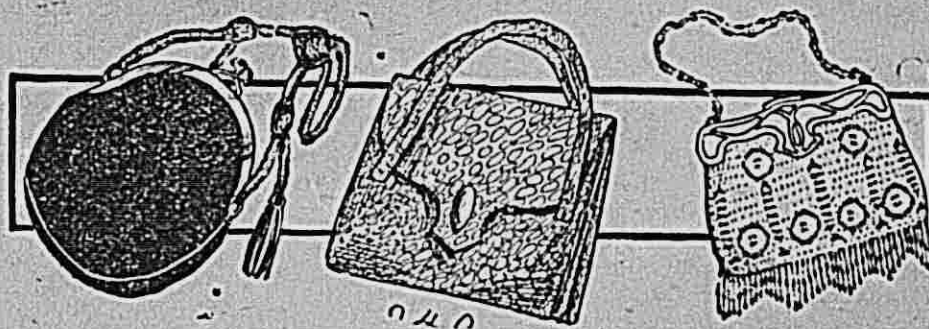
Regular \$1 Fancy Neckwear special for only **50c**



A huge variety of over 50 styles of Neckwear **15c** for only

Hand Bags Are Very Useful Gift

Genuine leather hand Bags Worth \$2.00, for 95c	German Silver Mesh bags worth \$1.00, for 2.50
Handsome Mounted leather bags, worth \$2.50 1.50	400 regular \$5.00 Hand Bags at 3.95
Beautiful Suede, Alligator, seal and Walrus Bags, fitted with accessories, from \$15.00 down to 3.95	



Xmas Waists

Our Waists will Surely Please Her

Over 1000 pretty new model tailored and lingerie waists, \$2.00 values at.....	98c
Silk embroidered nun's veiling and woolen waists made to sell for 3.00.....	1.95
Handsome silk and mercerized linen waists \$4 value.....	2.95
High grade messaline and taffeta silk, also net waists, \$5 values.....	3.95
About 50 magnificent novelty waists in silk and other materials, worth \$10.....	4.95
Party waists and messaline, silk or Irish lace, prices range from	

7.00 to 25.00

Holiday Specials

50c Leather belts 9c	75c corset for 35c
1.25 kid gloves 79c	50c stocking caps 12c
19c hose for 6c	Women's union suits 39c
\$6. silk petticoats 2.88	Complexion veiling, yd. at 5c
Children's Mittens 8c	3.95 both robes 2.25
\$1.50 flannellette kimonos for 79c	Flannellette petticoats 19c
35c aprons for 12c	1.50 houses dress 89c
2.50 ostrich plumes 89c	50c wool shawls 19c

Holiday Sale of Suits

A full rack of some of our best \$25 suits, choice

8.50

Fine broadcloth, serge and novelty mixture suits, \$35 values

11.95

Another rack of extra high class imported suits, worth up to \$40

14.50

At this price you have the choice of some of the best suits in the house, worth \$50

19.95

Clearing Sale of Millinery

Just 150 trimmed hats, not one was made to sell for less than \$8, some worth \$10; as special Holiday offerings, all go without reserve for

1.95



Furs

A SENSIBLE GIFT
Direct From Our Own Fur Factory
at Wholesale Prices

Furs

Russo lynx fur sets, large shawl collars and muffs 15.00 value

6.95

Fur sets of the much wanted seal, 25.00 sets

12.50

Magnificent wolf and fox sets, worth 40.00 set at

25.00

Japanese mink and genuine black lynx, worth to 70.00

39.75

Beautiful mink sets large cape collar and pillow muffs at

55.00



Black or brown French Coney fur sets worth 4.00

1.59

Australian Lynx Shawl Collars with head and tails

3.95

Mink, Squirrel, Martin and Fox Neckpieces, worth 20.00

9.95

Children's Fur Sets, best quality 3.50, 1.50

98c

Skinner satin lined sabeline Fur coats best quality

13.50

Genuine Pony Skin coats latest models

32.50

Holiday Sale of Coats

Ladies' full length baracul coats, like picture. These are full lined \$20 coats at

8.45

Full length lined throughout with Belding's guaranteed gold satin

16.45

Best quality seal Plush Pony, Caracul and Novelty Cloth coats, worth double, for

25.00

The balance of our fine 25.00 Ladies' Cloth Coats all materials

10.00



Children's Coats and Dresses

Cloth and Bearskin Coats, in colors, \$5 values.....

1.52

Many pretty serviceable coats, all colors, worth to \$7.50.....

3.50

Dresses in all materials and styles colors and sizes, 2.95, \$1.50, and....

98c

FRIEDMAN'S
CLOAK & SUIT CO.
WAUKEGAN

SEE Our Large Four Page Circular for Complete List of Christmas Bargains.

105-107 GENESEE ST.,
WAUKEGAN

Goods Purchased will be Packed in an Exceedingly Neat Holly Box

FREE

Christmas Day

To rule and reign with gentle sway,
The King of Love was born today.
No palace walls enclosed him round,
But in a manger was he found;
That so the boastful world might see
The greatness of humility.

He came, a child, in lovely grace,
That so a child might seek his face;
So poor was he, the humblest born,
Might come, without a fear of scorn.
To all mankind he showed the way,
And ushered in the dawn of day.

And so, with grateful love and praise,
We hail this blessed day of days.
The children's joy, the poor man's feast,
The star of hope to great and least;
When holy angels come to earth,
And sing anew a Savior's birth!

strength of Hercules, the heroism of Joan of Arc, the truthfulness and other singular excellences of Una, the patience of Job. Think what it must mean, from eight to six, or eight to ten, as the case may be, to face and serve the rattled throngs that are now surging through the shops, think of the strain on endurance and nerve, on temper and manners. The wonder is not that she often comes up to the demands on her, but that she ever does.

Some of the veterans, survivors of many hard-fought Christmas battlefields, are marvels; may be seen at the end of day still alert, though drooping so; still clear-headed, though with conscious effort; still with courteous attitude in their serving, though those they serve have lost the last shred of any politeness with which they may have started out.

Compare the manners of some spoiled darling, some indulged, arrogant child of wealth, with the dignity and patience and sweetness often shown by the girl behind the counter. The one self-centered, of most restricted vision, capricious, petty; the other self-effacing, far-seeing, charitable, big. Caleb in search of a wife might well pursue his quest along the aisles of the big stores, and womanly ideal standing there behind the counter.

They are not all caricatures of fashion, with hair tortured into latest exaggeration, frocks cheap copies of showy splendors; not all more given to powder and rouge than to soap and water. And in the attainment of the so highly-desirable neatness and trimness heroism again has to come to the fore. It is no easy matter after long hours of labor to labor more, take pains for personal cleanliness, sew and darn when eyes are heavy, back is aching. Heroines every one of them that make a good show.

I know a girl in a fashionable candy shop that every other night washes and irons that she may be presentable the next day. Her moderate wage is the chief part of the family support. There is not enough money for enough blouses to last the week, and so the midnight laundrying is done as a matter of course. But how pretty and sweet and fresh the girl does manage to look in her snowy white and well brushed black; much better dressed, she seems to me, than the woman of fuss and feathers.

What little mothers they are, a lot of them, simple affectionate, domestic creatures—though so often characterized as vain, shallow, foolishly ambitious, thinking only of dress and "dates." I know one girl that worked in one of the department stores which keep open evenings at Christmas time, who the night before Christmas did not leave the store until midnight, then after traveling an hour on the street cars to her home stayed up hours to trim a wonderful Christmas tree for the children of the family, the

A REAL SANTA CLAUS



bunch of little ones the poor seem always to have with them. I know another girl that at this season goes down unusually early mornings to arrange "stock" comes home unusually late evenings; but after dinner cheerfully dons kitchen apron and helps with giant plum pudding and other Christmas preparation that yearly is repeated in honor of old England and the home left behind when there was made search for fortune in the rich land of America. These are just two instances, the one quite commonplace, unheroic, but you may pick up a few for yourself by eavesdropping a bit in your shopping; observing among the buyers the many shop-girls purchasing toys and silver "pusher," children's gloves and sweater, or gray dress for mammy, muffler for daddy.

Of course there is any number of pert, incompetent girls that wait on hapless customers, rather keep hapless customers waiting, but they have

been pictured with enough frequency, this sort repeatedly held up as typical, thereby obscuring the virtues of the many worthy ones following the profession of "waiting on." For some time past I have been gathering data, making experiment; and have found it the rule rather than exception that courtesy meets with courtesy. "Soft and fair go far in a day," not only on highway but in the miles of space in a huge department store.

A man said to me recently: "How little of church is brought into the Christmas of today." And how sadly true this is—"church" in this connection standing for whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are good, of full import to all religions. And bullying and bullying a shop-girl at this season seems about as far from "lovely and good" as one may wander. Put yourself in her place, remembering previous failures of your own when bodily weariness snapped

strained nerves, broke down poise. Ye gods and little fishes, in what condition is the shop-girl to "enjoy" Christmas! I am sure if I were she all I would ask of good Saint Nicholas would be a dark, airy room far, far away from people (from man, and especially woman); a great, soft bed where I could stretch out long and wide; silence and sleep forever and



Sew and Darn When Eyes Are Heavy.

forever. No dreams to disturb that sleep; no vision of past haggling, no vision of wearisome "exchanges" to come.

But the reality is a long way from this that I would ask. Do you suppose such a proud wage earner as she would be content to let Christmas day go by without displaying wealth and power? No, every dependent in the household must partake of her bounty, every pensioner be given good proof of what it means to have her dress up and go down town every day. Nothing of niggard is the shop-girl at Christmas, she is as much a Lady Bountiful as any millionaire of them all.

What a creature! A "Hercules, a Joan of Arc, a Una, a Job" and a Lady Bountiful on eight dollars and less a week!

(Copyright, 1910.)

CHRISTMAS TIME.

I have often thought of Christmas time, when it has come round, apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time.—Charles Dickens

"God With Us"

By A. D. WATSON

The world had long been waiting
The coming of the King,
When one sweet morn in Bethlehem,

Ere birds were on the wing,
The sons of God came singing
Down from the skyey dome;
And mortals heard the message:
Immanuel is come.

Now let the ample standard
Of righteousness, unfurled,
Proclaim to every people
That God is in His world;
Let every form of evil
From earth be put away,
That all may sing rejoicing,
The King is born today.

The bright and solemn glory,
The angel harps glad ring,
The strange, sweet song of wonder,
The cherub voices sing—
These in our hearts abiding,
The Prince of Peace shall come,
Make our glad lives His temples,
Our happy hearts His home.

THE IDEAL WORKSHOP.



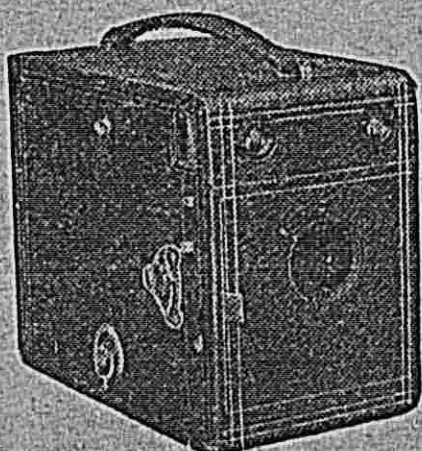
And the jolliest and best old workman in the world.

A Happy Christmas for Everyone

A Holiday stock that is first in variety and quality and fairest in price. Our beautiful display of gifts meets all requirements from first to last. We have a **most complete assortment** of presents that everybody appreciates—pleasing and beautiful and at the same time practical and useful. Come where there is a wide choice, a fine variety and a grand opportunity to get the best and most suitable gifts for old and young. Remember our up-to-date stock is in close touch with the times and anticipates your every want in **Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, China, Musical Instruments, Novelties, etc.**, and many charming and appropriate gifts of which the following are a few:



Ladies' and Gents' gold, gold filled silver and silverine watches. We have a full line of Elgin, Waltham and South Bend watches.



Eastman Kodaks and Supplies

We are Headquarters for Xmas and New Year Post Cards, Booklets, Tags, Calendars, etc.

An unusual offer of diamond rings at special prices in crystal white, perfect cut stones in popular sizes.

A fine line of bracelets just received; carmen, set, signet and plain bracelets and several other styles.

Ladies and gents fobs and watch chains in newest styles.

Large assortment of scarf and hat pins.

Belts pins and buckles.

Back and side combs, barrettes and turban pins.

Several new styles of lockets and charms.

A large assortment of set, signet, emblem, band and plain rings.

Cut glass water sets, bowls, celery and bon bon dishes, pomade jars and salt and pepper shakers.

Edison and Victor Talking Machines and Records.

Brooches, pins and waists sets in all the latest styles.

You'll find our Christmas Offerings in harmony with your needs; our prices in harmony with your pocket book. From inexpensive articles to more costly gifts, we offer for your selection the newest and best of the season. Let us show you high grade, strictly modern, fair priced Holiday attractions. All are invited. A hearty welcome no matter whether you come to see or buy.

A large and select line of silverware including the following: Smokers' Sets, Cake and Fruit Baskets, Bon Bon Dishes, Pin Trays, Match Safes, Ash Trays, Candle Sticks, Silver and Gold Jewel Cases, Tobacco and Cigar Jars, Napkin Rings,

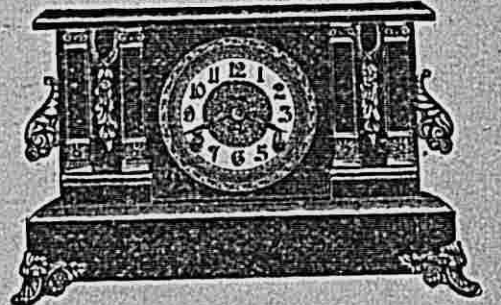
Crumb Trays, Salt and Pepper Shakers, Fancy and Plain Table Ware, Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, Shaving Sets, Carving Sets, Childs Sets, Cracker Jars, etc., etc.

A well selected line of fancy and hand painted china, dinner sets, pudding sets, wine sets, chocolate sets, etc.

Emblem pins and buttons for all orders.

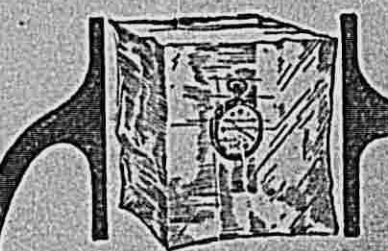
A good assortment of Musical Instruments including pianos, violins, mandolins, guitars, accordions, harmonicas, cornets, etc.

Cuff and collar button sets. Post Card Albums.



All Styles of Clocks

Enameled wood and iron eight day clocks. Westminster chime clocks with mahogany case. Fancy ormolu gold clocks. Alarm and one day clocks. Regulators.



DON'T you think it's time, honestly, to relegate the watch you now carry to the attic along with the other heirlooms and get a watch that you can depend on to meet the conditions of the life you lead? We wish you would call and see our line of beautiful South Bend Watches. The South Bend Watch is sold on what it will do for you, not on the strength of a reputation of a bygone past. We will gladly show you the economy of buying a South Bend Watch if you will ask us. We guarantee them to be satisfactory timekeepers. Remember, the South Bend Watch frozen in ice still keeps perfect.

A Beautiful Souvenir Free to Every Customer on Purchases Amounting to \$1.00 or Over

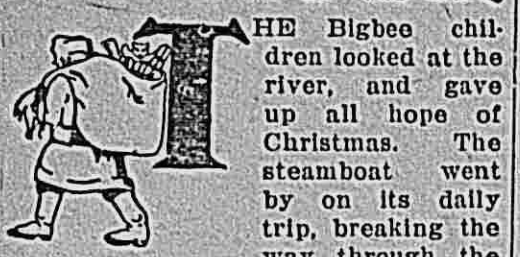
WILLIAM KEULMAN

Jeweler and Optician

ANTIOCH

ILLINOIS

Their Christmas



THE Bigbee children looked at the river, and gave up all hope of Christmas. The steamboat went by on its daily trip, breaking the way through the crust during the night, and leaving behind a highway of drifting ice. On the bank beyond they could see the houses and the church, but could not go there.

"We may even forget when Christmas comes," said Ben, "unless we notch a stick, like Robinson Crusoe."

"I shall not forget," said Della.

"Nor I," said Mammie Scudder.

The Bigbees lived on an island. There was one house besides their own, where Mrs. Scudder and Mammie lived. Mammie never crossed the water in cold weather, but the Bigbee children rowed across every week to Sunday school, until December brought ice and snow.

People living on a small island must take boats instead of carriages when they go to church or post office or market. But the Bigbee children did not think that a hardship.

"We want clear water all winter," said Della.

"I hope you will have it," said the teacher, "at least till Christmas. We are going to have carols and a Christmas tree."

This was great news to the Bigbees, who had never seen a Christmas tree. They talked about it, and told Mammie Scudder. They knew there would be candles on the tree, and shining things among the boughs.

But the first Sunday in December a blinding snowstorm kept them at home. The next Sunday and the next there was ice tossing in the river, so that no little rowboat could venture abroad.

One more Sunday, and then Monday would be Christmas. All the happy children across the river would go to church and there would be the tree full of gifts.

"It's a cold day and growing colder," said Mr. Bigbee on Saturday.

The family kept close round the fire. None of them spoke of Christmas. There had been no secret preparations, no shopping trips. Money was scarce in the Bigbee family.

When Ben and Della went to their beds at night, Paul, who followed soon after, came back into the kitchen with a serious face.

"Mother," he said, "they have hung up their stockings!"

Mrs. Bigbee set her lips tight. Then she put her arm round Paul, and

kissed him.

"Never mind," he said. "We can pop corn and crack nuts."

Mrs. Bigbee stayed up late that night. By 11 o'clock she had made cookies shaped in various ways—birds, dogs, balls, boys, horses, elephants, camels, hearts, sheep and rabbits—and not one too big to slip easily into a child's stocking.

She put 12 into each of her children's stockings, hanging Paul's up also. She glanced toward Mrs. Scudder's, but the lights were out.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" shouted the children the next morning. The house rang with laughter and mirth. There was great excitement over the stockings. Even Paul was interested and amused.

"Dear little mother," he said, softly. "Mammie came with her stockingful, and the children played menagerie, Noah's Ark, and farmyard for hours. The steamboat made no trip that day. A few skaters were seen. 'I guess the boat skips Christmas the same as Sundays,' said Paul.

After dark he went to the window. "I hear the bells," he said. "And the church windows shine." A silence fell on the group.

"If we knew the carols we would sing them ourselves," said Mrs. Bigbee.

From time to time the children went to the window. It was starlight. "See the lights in the road!" exclaimed Della. "The folks are going home with lanterns."

"They're coming down the bank!" said Ben.

A little line of lights moved steadily along. They were certainly on the frozen river. They were coming toward the island.

"Why, father, father!" shouted Paul. "The river must be frozen hard all over, and that's why the boat didn't go!"

"It happened so once six years ago," said Mr. Bigbee.

Mrs. Scudder ran over from her house. "They're singing!" she cried. "Listen!"

The sweet Christmas carols sounded clearer and clearer, as boys and girls came up the bank, up to the very house.

"Come in! Come in!" said Mr. Bigbee, throwing the door open.

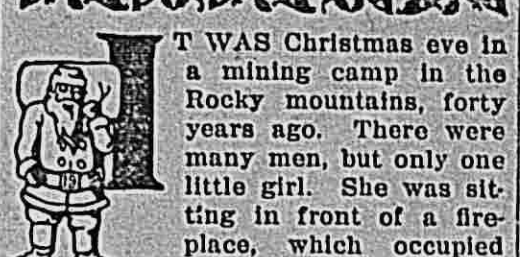
It was as if church, tree, festival, Christmas and everything had come to the Bigbees and Scudders.

"We cut off a bough full of candles to be your tree," said the boys. They set it up in a corner and lighted the candles anew.

"We brought your presents," said the girls, giving each a book and box of candy.

It was late when, with merry farewells, the visitors took their lanterns and departed, singing carols, while the happy children watched the line of lights recrossing the river, and listened in happiness until the voices died away in the distance.

Miner Bob's Gift



IT WAS Christmas eve in a mining camp in the Rocky mountains, forty years ago. There were many men, but only one little girl. She was sitting in front of a fireplace, which occupied one whole end of "the best cabin in camp." Her seat was a flat piece of pine log. Lying close to her was a big St. Bernard dog.

"Miner Bob says that Santa Claus comes down the chimney; but now, Rover, we know better than that." She took hold of the dog's collar, and turned his head toward the fireplace. "Even if he should get down the chimney, he'd be burned up. He could not bring anything with him without getting it black and dirty. I'll put the fire out tonight with that pall of water."

Rover got up and took a lap or two, and then came back and waited for the rest of the story.

She continued: "But I don't believe any Santa Claus will come away out here, where there is only you and me. Here she stooped and whispered in the dog's ear. 'We'll leave the window open. Of course, Rover, I don't mind telling you why I am so anxious for Santa Claus not to come down that chimney. You see, I want a doll. Miner Bob says that Santa Claus brings you what you wish for. I never saw real dolls, but they must be beautiful things. This picture I cut out of a magazine is a doll, so Miner Bob says. Whew! It mustn't come down the chimney, Rover, it mustn't.'"

In a few minutes the dog and the little girl were both fast asleep. This time the child's head was pillowed on Rover's shaggy coat and in her hand she lightly held an advertisement of Christmas toys.

Two men, sitting at a pine table in the other end of the cabin, were talking in a low, mysterious manner.

"We are 'most out of food, you know," said one; "only five potatoes left. We paid \$100 for the last stick, but we could not get another stick for love or money. We have been snowed in now for three months, and we've got to count on four weeks more before there is any hope of getting out of here."

"Yes, I know it," replied his companion, "but I'm going to do it just the same."

"You know the boss' orders," spoke up the first man, who was Miner Bob. "We'll catch it if we disobey, especially when starvation is staring us in the face."

"I can't help it," was the reply.

"But it all on me; I'll stand the blame."

The men drew their chairs closer together, and there they worked for several hours, stopping just long enough to lift the little girl from the floor to her cot, where she went on dreaming of Santa Claus and the beautiful doll.

It was a bitter cold night—a regular blizzard! Several miners lost their way going from one camp to the other and were frozen to death. Animals that failed to get under shelter were found dead next morning.

The little girl remembers no more of that most terrible storm in the history of the camp, but next morning she was awakened early by her father trying to close a broken window. He said it had been crushed in by the storm, but the little girl said, "No, Santa Claus did it."

"He's been here!" she cried, and in her excitement fairly rolled from her cot over the floor to the chimney. With cries of "It's a doll—a doll!" she clasped to her heart the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. "It's my doll, all mine; and it's got eyes, and a nose, and a mouth, and ears and hair—and such a beautiful red flannel dress!"

She kissed it again and again, and no heart ever came so near bursting with joy as the heart of that little girl, way out in the snowed-in mine, with death and starvation all about her.

The two miners had come in, and were listening to the wonderful story as it fell again from the childish lips. "You used them all," interrupted the father, gazing sternly at the man.

"Yes," said Miner Bob, "we used them all."

"It was wrong, very wrong?"

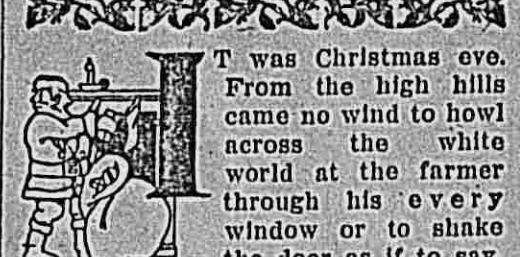
"We could not help it," replied the other miner. "It was the only way to make it, and we'd rather go hungry the rest of our days than have the kid disappointed."

The "kid," oblivious of anything but the blessed joy of possessing a doll, was telling Rover: "Father thinks the wind broke the window. I forgot to open it; but, you see, Santa Claus knows just what you want, so he brought the doll through the window to save her from getting dirty coming down the chimney."

Little did she realize that of all the dolls found that Christmas morning in the stockings of the little ones all over the United States not one was made of as precious material as hers. She was clasping to her bosom the "only five potatoes in camp." They had been carved into "Miss Doll" by Miner Bob, and dressed in pieces of the only good red flannel shirt that the other man possessed.

Forty Christmas days have passed since then, and they have all been happy ones, but the peculiar and exquisite satisfaction I experience in pressing to my heart "my potato doll" has never been exceeded.

A Christmas Fairy Tale



IT WAS Christmas eve. From the high hills came no wind to howl across the white world at the farmer through his every window or to shake the door as if to say, "I am King Wind, let me in!" or to harass the animals as they stood in their chilly stables. No wind, but cold, oh, so cold! The moon was steel blue as if frost bitten. The stars blinked with the cold. It was 10 below zero, the village folk said, and that is very cold.

Two travelers trudged the road that wound up and around the hill. "Swing your arms, Sigurd," said one, and himself commenced slapping his armpits. "We will try at the next house," he continued. "Tis Christmas eve, and how can they turn us away on such a night?"

Ahead a farmhouse threw a welcome yellow glare on the snow. The travelers hurried on, encouraged. Soon they stood under the eaves of the little house so alone in the snow, and before the door. Fridthjof pulled the old brass knocker down heartily. "Oh, ho, within!" he cried. "Have you food and bed for hungry travelers this Christmas eve?" They heard a bustle and stir inside. The door swung open and the farmer, a huge man with a big voice, peered out. "Come in," he said.

The two stamped the snow off their feet and entered. The best hearth seats were given them and the farmer's daughter appeared, bearing a pitcher of steaming, home brewed ale. Along with it came smoked mutton and goodly piles of flat bread. Sigurd and Fridthjof toasted their shins dreamily content. Behind them the farmer's wife and daughter clattered diligently with silver dishes and a bountiful Christmas feast.

Sigurd looked up in surprise. "Do you eat your Christmas dinner at night?" he asked. The farmer settled into his creaking armchair and his jovial face became serious. "Years ago," he began, "the goblins, or the hill people, came down, took possession of my farm and demanded that I turn my place over to them every Christmas night. Before we go we must set them a feast with silver dishes. I dared not disobey them, lest they run off with my horses and ruin my crops. So, you see, I have no real Christmas eve." Then he added, "you cannot stay, for they will kill you, too."

"Do they come every Christmas?" asked Sigurd.

"Every Christmas."

Sigurd turned to Fridthjof. "W shall we do," he asked, "set out stay?"

"Stay by all means," assented Sigurd.

"As you please, gentlemen," the farmer exclaimed. "My sleigh is ready at the door. Good night and merry Christmas to you."

Left alone, the two guests undressed and went to bed.

Pretty soon away over the hill they heard the silvery jingle of golden sleigh bells. Sigurd drew the curtains. Nearer and nearer came the jingling and now they could hear shouts and hoof beats. Then they heard them draw up in front of the house with a great clatter of harnesses, hoofs and sleigh bells. The could hear the goblins putting the tiny ponies into the farmer's shed. Then with a great shout they entered the house.

The two luckless fellows in bed kept very still and barely breathed. Noisily the goblins seated themselves and started to eat with an uproar of clattering dishes, working jaws and spirited conversation. Many a mystery of disappearing hay bundles, sheep or farm tools long discussed among the village and farmer folk was explained by boasting narrations of the evil, jabbering goblins below.

At last Sigurd dared peek over the curtains. He saw little white bearded men with red noses and glittering eyes, high peaked hats and fat bellies. To one end at the head of the table sat the chief, whose bigger red nose, fatter belly, higher hat and gruffer manner characterized him as such. When he belched forth his orders for food the others stepped right lively.

Of a sudden the chief cried out: "Wuf, I smell Human." Immediately the room became chaos. Search was made everywhere, under chairs, in cupboards—everywhere.

The chief himself was the most diligent searcher, and presently he made straight for the curtains that covered the beds. Our travelers lay tense, almost scared to death. Sigurd gripped a shoe convulsively by the toe when he saw the chief approach.

The goblin looked into the lower berth and then, climbing in a stool, he peered into the upper one. He could just manage to get his nose on the edge of the bed, and Sigurd brought his shoe heel down, Bing! Bing! awful hard on that good goblin's red, tender nose. He let out one tremendous yell and his men dismayed at fear in their leader, stampeded out of the house to the sleighs. The chief followed them.

Sigurd and Fridthjof could hear them frantically hitch up and heard them drive off, singing dolefully until the great white silence of the hills swallowed them up.

The villagers say that the farmer was never again bothered by the wicked hill people, but lived happily ever afterward with his family.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR EVERYBODY

The Holiday Season has opened and you are cordially invited to visit this store when selecting Christmas Gifts for the loved ones. You will find here a large and varied assortment of the most modern and practical gifts for father, mother, brother, sister and sweetheart. Below are a few timely gift suggestions that may be of material aid in making your selections.

Manicure Sets, Toilet Sets, Hair Brushes and Combs, Music Rolls, Perfumes, Mirrors, Hand Painted China, Fancy Dishes, Books, Fancy Box Candy Mixed Candy, Xmas Cards, Full assortment of Box Paper, etc., for mother, sister and sweetheart. For father and big brother we have Tobacco Jars, Smokers' Sets, Cigars, Fountain Pens, Books, Military Sets, Pipes, etc. You will also find here Games, Toys, Dolls, Books, Box Paper, etc., to make the little folks glad.

A Photograph makes a very acceptable gift. Bring it in and let us frame it for you.

OVERTON'S DRUG STORE

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

Waukegan's Greatest Christmas Store

Just think! Christmas is but a week away. Soon the gingle of Old Santa's bells will be heard, and every home will be the scene of rejoicing and merriment. Don't wait until the last few days to buy; start now, and thus avoid the large hurrying crowds. Our three spacious floors are filled to overflowing with suitable gifts for Xmas---things to make the hearts of dear ones happy; appropriate presents for each sex---the old the young. Our elaborate displays will prove a material benefit to those who are undecided, while the immensity of various gift lines insures quick and satisfactory choosing

Furniture a Sensible Gift

Rocker \$9.75—Father or mother would be more than pleased with this comfortable easy rocker; the back is sufficiently high to afford rest for the head; constructed of golden oak, mahogany and early English, upholstered in genuine leather; 9.75 \$12.75 seller for.....

Library Table \$10.75—This table makes a handsome gift for the housewife, and one which can be appreciated by the entire family. Full quartered oak and genuine mahogany veneer, piano finish, 38 by 28 inch oval top, supported by two heavy colonial columns, one large invisible drawer with shelf beneath; a splendid \$14.75 values at..... 10.75



Waukegan's Biggest and Best Store.

Gold and Silverware

Stand Mirrors—Heavy French plate stand mirrors with gold frames in attractive designs, \$1.98 to..... 98c

Photo Frames—A number of attractive shapes for one or two photos, gold mountings, \$2.98 to..... 50c

Jewelry Boxes—Gold and silver jewelry boxes with heavy mountings, daintily lined with silk, prices ranging from \$1.98 to..... 50

Back Combs—A new line of fancy back combs for Christmas selling; shell and amber with gold and silver mountings, set with white and colored stones, some with solid gold mountings, \$6.60 to..... 1.00



JOLLY OLD SANTA WILL BE HERE SATURDAY AND EVERYDAY UNTIL CHRISTMAS.

Here is good news for all you boys and girls: Jolly old Santa has written us a letter saying that he would be at the Globe Saturday and remain with us until Christmas. He will arrive over the Northwestern at 9:40 a. m. We're going to be at the depot to welcome him and escort him up to the Globe. He will deliver a speech in front of the store and tell you all about his home at the North Pole; then he will show you children through Toyland. But the best part of it all is this:

HE WILL HAVE A SOUVENIR FOR EACH ONE OF YOU.

This Souvenir consists of a large button to pin on your coat. It shows old Santa ready to go down the chimney. Santa Clause wants to see EVERYONE of YOU BOYS and GIRLS SATURDAY, so don't disappoint him.

... Toyland is Heaping Full of Toys, Dolls, Games and Books ...

Dressed Dolls	10c to \$15.00	Iron Trains	25c to \$2.98	Games	5c to \$1.00
Undressed Dolls	10c to 18.00	Sleds and Coasters	25c to 4.50	Swords	25c to 50c
Toy Dishes	25c to 2.48	Pianos	25c to 4.98	Saving Banks	10c to 2.48
Toy Trunks	15c to 2.48	Doll Beds	25c to 2.98	Drums	25c to 98c
Express Wagons	50c to 4.98	Steel Yachts	15c to 2.48	Story & Picture Books	5 to 98c
Toy Furniture	15c to 2.48	Plush Horses	25c to 9.00	Building Blocks	10c to 98c
Polly Dolly Toys	10c to 98c	Steel Ranges	25c to 3.48	Printing Press	98c to 7.98
Writing Desks	1.25 to 4.98	Doll Carts	25c to 8.50	Iron Toys	10c to 4.98
Magic Lanterns	25c to 6.98	Steam Engines	25c to 8.50	Guns	25c to 1.48
Blackboards	25c to 2.98	Train on Track	25c to 3.98	Rubber Balls	10c to 60c

Give Her a Hand Bag for Xmas

Nothing will please a lady more than to receive a nice handbag. It's a practical gift and one that can be purchased at a moderate cost. Our new Xmas line is unusually extensive and is comprised of the newest shapes in walrus, genuine seal, goat seal and alligator leathers. They're leather lined and have leather handles, while some are fitted with miniature toilet sets. Prices range from

50c to 15.00

Gloves Are Appreciated

The "Globe" Special—This is positively the best \$1.00 kid glove on the market; comes in all colors, two clasp and is guaranteed, pair..... 1.00

Mocha Glover—One clasp silk lined Mocha gloves, gray and brown pair..... 1.50

Women's Comfy Slippers

Women's Comfy Slippers—Blue and gray felt with leather covered cushion soles, also felt slippers with flexible leather soles, a gift that will please, pair..... 95c

Give Stationery

Stationery makes as nice as present as you can give and is not expensive. Our line of boxed stationery is unusually attractive and ranges in prices from 15c to..... 2.98
At 50c—Fancy boxed stationery, 4 doz. envelopes and 4 doz. sheets of paper, fine Irish linen, handsomely boxed. 50c

... Toilet Sets, Manicuring Sets and Other Gifts ...

What a host of sensible gifts you will find in our fancy goods department. Gifts that will surely please the recipient because of their usefulness and attractiveness. A noteworthy feature of this immense display is the reasonableness of prices.

Toilet Sets \$2.48—An attractive set, consisting of comb, brush and mirror, celluloid back, gold trimmings, nicely boxed..... 2.48

Toilet Sets \$1.98—An attractive three piece set comprising comb, brush and mirror, attractive celluloid back with gold trimmings..... 1.98

Military Set \$1.48—No gift will please him more; ebony back with silver trimmings, good bristles, attractively boxed..... 1.48

Brush Sets \$1.25—Consisting of a clothes and hat brush, cocoa-bola or ebony back with silver trimmings, fine bristles..... 1.25

Manicuring Set \$2.98—A seven piece set in an elegant leather box, prettily lined, the pieces have ebony back with silver trimmings... 2.98

Shaving Set—Newest designed shaving outfit; consists of adjustable stand mirror, nickel plated, beveled glass, porcelain shaving mug attached, camelshair brush..... 2.98

HANDKERCHIEFS NEVER FAIL TO PLEASE

At 5c—Barred lawn and pure linen handkerchiefs with hemstitched hem, plain and fancy borders at each.... 5c

At 50c—Extra fine and sheer embroidered Swiss handkerchiefs, scalloped and hemstitched edge, others of pure linen with Japanese drawn work, each.... 50c

Special at 10c.

Dainty, embroidered handkerchiefs with scalloped edge; others of pure linen and plain hemstitched; values that cannot be equalled at the price, choice 10c.

At 25c—Extra fine Swiss embroidered handkerchiefs, scalloped and hemmed edge, some with Japanese drawn work and others pure linen with initial at 25c

At 15c—Handsome Swiss embroidered handkerchiefs with scalloped or hemstitched edge, some lace trimmed, others of pure linen and hemstitched, each..... 15c

.. Make Her Happy with a Set of Furs ..

Belgium Lynx Set \$8.95—This is a wonderful value for the price; large shawl collar, finished with four or six tails, and a large pillow muf satin lined, special offer..... 8.95

Boxed Waist Patterns

Waist patterns specially boxed for the Christmas trade. Desirable waist lengths, comprising silk materials, silk mixtures, fine woolen and mercerized fabrics, etc., prices from \$10. to 50c

New Persian Waists 4.98

Several of the season's most charming models, elegantly made from fine qualities of Persian silk, very special 4.98

What to "Hubby" or Sweetheart.

Neckwear—A man can never have too many ties. We show a beautiful new line, made up in the newest shapes of handsome figured silk, neatly boxed, special values at \$1.00, 75c and..... 50c

Combination Set—Consisting of fancy suspenders, garters and arm bands attractively boxed..... 75c

Kid Gloves—He'll appreciate a nice pair of gloves. We have them in silk lined and unlined, tan, gray and black, also undressed kid at from, pair \$2.00 to 1.00

Fancy Suspenders—Put up in a neat Christmas box, special values at..... 50c

Mufflers—A beautiful selection of mufflers, the newest shapes made of the finest grades of silk \$5.00 to..... 50c

Dress Shirts—What is more sensible than to give a gentleman a shirt for Christmas? We show a line of plaid shirts in plain white and fancies at from \$2.50 to 1.00

XMAS HANDKERCHIEFS

3 for 25c—Fine hemstitched handkerchiefs, neatly boxed, 3 for..... 25c
3 for 50c—Pure Irish linen handkerchiefs hemstitched, 3 in a box for..... 50c
25c each—Extra fine pure linen handkerchiefs, with or without initial. 22c
Silk Handkerchiefs—Plain white silk handkerchiefs, with initial, special values at 25c and..... 50c
Men's Everett Slippers—You could not please a man any more than to buy him a pair of these house slippers, made of black kid leather, pair..... 98c

BOB-FOR-SHORT'S Christmas

by Louise Dunham
Goldberry

Now, our baby had never encountered a locked door. The lovesome pit-pat of his busy feet was herald at whose coming every door in the house swung open and over thresholds he went into assured welcomes.

But we were planning a tree. And the library door was locked. He paused in his ascent of the stairs to button in a button that would not stay buttoned. It required much time and he sat down on the step and with all his ten fat, wee fingers labored. Then, "Das a doodle boy," he objurgated himself as he resumed his climb of the stairs, the button buttoned; "Das a daryin' yittle gentleman!"

He shook the knob. Waited, juggling on the toes of him and discoursing to Nicodemus. The door remained closed. Two fat palms smote it wrathfully. "Open," he commanded; "peace open dis door."

Nobody answered. "P-o-o-y little boy," he wheedled; "keyhole; 'zero ain't nobody in'im."

Nicodemus yapped and made pants at desertion when a dog barked out at the side. Fawned back, and from the fingers where bread and home aroma lingered. Sat up and waved a fable paw at him.

He sat down on the floor and gathered his yellow dog into his pinafore and hugged. "Cept Nicodemus, myself," he said.

Great-grand came to the hall. "Is you been a boy, dreat-dran?" he said. "Is you shut out?"

Great-grand sighed. "Seems like his horse just will run away," in doleful tone, "and I've got a bone in my foot and I can't run after him."

In a whiff he was after the rampant steed. Captured and mounted, rode it forlornly hither and yon, and when at last he came back from the breathless miles he had slipped down the back way and at starfoot waited.

Slowly, with dignity, he dismounted, put his steed in stall, came back to stair-head, and, legs astride and head thrown back, surveyed us from the heights of remembered injury. Beside him, perky, tongue lolling out, Nicodemus squatted.

Long legs gathered to his chin, great-grand ranged himself on the top step and twinkled. "Yes, sirs," quoth great-grand; "shut us all out!"

Our baby nodded confirmation and Nicodemus yawned in our faces. "Me'n mys Nitodemus an' mys dreat-dran," he said. "An' mys dreat-dran is dot a bone in his foot an' I needed to kiss mys muvver."

But for three long days the library door remained locked. And regularly, after each morning's breakfast, he mounted the stairs and tried the knob and cogitated to Nicodemus, and poked broom straws under the door.

he could have brought it home to his own self's house. He wanted a baby so bad. And even his sweetest-babbled picked up that blue sky-mystery and wondered about it. And his eyes were wide and fathomlessly sweet in the firelight, and his hand clung to the while to my face and deared and wove heavenly weave into my lips, my cheeks, and in the things home of it to slip into my eyes and there nest.

Then we told him that it was going to be the Christmas baby's birthday tomorrow, and because of that God's little son we gave him a year, all life long, gifts to him and each other on that day. And the library door, tomorrow, would be unlocked, and a surprise inside for us each and all.

"Draculous!" was his new comment; and slowly the curtain-fringes, from us behind, heavy in my little warm grand unbuttoned arms. Slowly, and coming the house of the sleeper into his over took the light and hugged arms, rocked and crooned and kissed him. And with and God's kisses on the wee feet grandmothers still save in slumber, that new mother's proud look into the and grand face following after, I bore unwilling to his crib; so loved, so love, "ismus tum?"

He listened with the words breaking the crystal of my dreams and kissing themselves against my lips and that white body embracing my head. "Yes, sir," I managed to say through the strangling arms of him. "Happy Christmas, Bob-for-Short!"

"Happy Christmas, Bob-for-Short!" echoed from the doorway; and "Happy Christmas, Bob-for-Short!" floated in from beyond the east and west shoulders of great-grand.

He shouted. He danced. Never before had he been met by all the family at crib-side. He jiggled all over the bed, trickling blarneyments and laughter at the three gray heads that wagged in unconscious tune to the prancings of him.

Then, all his yellow body apart with haste, Nicodemus hustled his fat self up the stairs into the fun he was missing, and in his wake, Katy from her kitchen.

And with a "Happy Christmas to yez, Mlster Bob-for-Short," she set a gray kitten on the floor. We were all very still, as he slipped from the bed and approached the kitten. He had never owned a kitten. He eyed it in raptured silence. "Meow," said the kitten.

Into his cheeks the red crimsoned. "Oh!" he gasped; "wad you tall, titty; please wad you tall!" And she wagged her tail and arched her back against his feet and cajoled him, and as he gathered her into his nightgown and the white fat bare legs ran with their treasure, she broke into loud silken purrings. And Nicodemus sulked and fell into a helpless yellow bunch of protest, when the gray kitten was held to his nose for a kiss.

And we all dawdled until Katy's bell rang third summons to breakfast. He went up the stairs alone. Then Nicodemus. Then Great-grand. Then I. And then the rest of his adorers. He stopped at the door. "Open the door, sir," said grandfather.

"Tum on, muvver," he said, reaching hand into my hand. So we stepped over the threshold together. The room was darkened. The firelight dulled behind a screen. In the center of the room a low, fair-branched young cedar tree gleamed like a great jewel.

My hand forgotten, he circled the tree. "Round and 'round. And we after. 'Das a mo' bu-ti-ful drum," we caught the murmur as he inventoried. "Das a yittle 'tend horse." He paused to jog it and in ecstasy watch its tail go up and down. "Das a yittle toad-frod in dat bld marble. How you s'pose it dot in?" He tarried to investigate, and set it rolling for the kitten to chase. Nicodemus thought it was meant for him, and when he coiled with the kitten, cowed and scared and muttering, he fled to a distance and yapped at ball and kitten.

And the inventory went on: "Das a dolt waths, yike mys dreat-dran is dot." He tarried to hunt a pocket, and deposit his watch therein. But first he held it to ear. And the murmur resumed: "Dat waths is def an' dum, too. Das a picture-but an' das a picture-but an' das a picture-but. . . Draculous!"

And Christmas was on for Bob-for-Short. New York Independent.

py Christmas, Bob-for-Short!" floated in from beyond the east and west shoulders of great-grand.

A Merry Christmas

All over the country, all over the world, a few years hence it will be all through the air—sounds the ringing Merry Christmas! On the land, in the palace and in the prison, in the hospitals and in the asylums amid the orphans and in the homes for the friendless and for the aged, wherever even two persons meet who know and love the story of Christmas, the greeting is exchanged. Where can there be a parallel to the universal greeting? Is there any other sentiment that has the sovereignty of this cheerful and heartfelt word? It travels through the mails like nothing so much as the doves to the altars of which the Scripture speaks, for surely the sentiment fits from altar to altar of the hearts of men and is as gentle as the dove.

Grudges and animosity vanish before the waiting of Christmas greeting, the smile of hope illumines the countenances of those under the pall of depression, the dimpled cheeks of the babies seem like veritable nooks for fairy hiding as the lips coo in response to the Merry Christmas, with the little emblem of the day that comes to the infant from its loving parent. In the days of romance hostile forces passed upon the field, sheathed their swords and clasped hands across the battle line, greeting one another with the sentiment of universal good will.

Merry Christmas has brightened more hearts, has healed more grievances, has brought more happiness to the lives of men and women, has proved to be the talismanic sentiment for more-home reunions than any other that has ever been heard in this old world.

Christmas stands for love and for charity, for hope and for joy at the fruition of that long-made promise of the prophet of the coming of one who should bring peace and good will to earth; so the churches hold their services and the people congregate to join in singing or to listen to the rendition of carols, some of which have come down from the early ages of the church. The children have their Christmas treats, and they are the very merriest of the merry in their participation in these annual school festivals.

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HORSES THAT FEED ON FISH

Wild Banker Ponies Greedily Devour Fish Left Stranded by High Tide.

Along the shores of Albemarle sound, South Carolina, lie miles of low sandy banks, the greater part being covered with little vegetation save coarse grass, wild parsley, and other salt-water weeds. To this region come those who shoot the canvas-back duck that frequents the little streams and salt marshes with which this coast abounds, feeding upon the wild parsley and marsh grains. On some of these banks are a breed of small wild horses, known in the neighborhood as "banker ponies." They are quite untamed and uncared for, have rough shaggy coats, and are generally about twice the size of a Shetland pony, now and again one reaching the size of a small horse.

Each year the herd-owners drive them into pens, where the foals are branded with his owner's mark, and those required are caught and sold to the dealers. It is said that these beasts have to be starved into eating grain and hay or grass, their whole subsistence up to this time having been the rank salt grass of the marshes, and fish. The latter they catch for themselves at low tide, using their hoofs to dig deep holes in the sand below high-water mark; and they greedily devour the fish so left stranded, often fighting over an especially tempting one.

In captivity they are said to display intelligence, though seldom a reliable temper. They are tamed by darkness and semi-starvation, and make excellent draught animals, showing strength far beyond their size. They eat voraciously, consuming as much as full-sized horses.

The foals bred from "banker ponies" in captivity make valuable animals. They are strong, healthy and intelligent, less vicious than their parents, and command good prices.

Confucius a Real Sport. The Encyclopedia Britannica, volume VI, page 261, says regarding the great sage of China: "They have told us how he never shot at a bird perching nor fished with a net, the creatures not having in such a case a fair chance for their lives."

Utilization. Bobster—What did Stripples do the morning he discovered burglars had taken all his trousers? Davenport—He came downtown wearing a couple of his wife's hobble skirts.

The Value of Good Manners. Manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value; but it will never be worn, nor shine if it is not polished.—Chesterfield.

The Peaceful Man. First keep thyself in peace, and then thou wilt be able to bring others to peace. A peaceful man does more good than one that is very learned. A passionate man perverts even good into evil, and easily believes evil. A good, peaceable man turns all things to good.—Thomas a Kempis.

WAUKEGAN'S MOST POPULAR GIFT STORE

This store is known all over the county as "Waukegan's Gift Store" and it could not be better described. Whatever the occasion, a Wedding, Birthay or Christmas, this store can always be depended upon for an appropriate gift of a distinctive character and a reasonable price.

In the whole list of desirable lines from Gold and Silver to China, Glass and Brass Goods, we have a splendid showing of up-to-date designs of a thoroughly dependable quality from which to choose.

It takes more experiences and better judgement than most people realize, to collect such an elegant line of goods as we now have, which can be depended on for suitable gifts and always at a most reasonable price.

You'll find that one of the best features in connection with this store is the absence of the usual eagerness to sell you something.

C. F. Ingalls & Bro.
Jewelers and Opticians
WAUKEGAN - ILLINOIS.



He Had Never Owned a Kitten.



VALEDICTORY.

Old Year, thy cup of destined Time Is broken and a piece, Thy feast ends with the midnight chime, Thy dance of glory ceases. Thy days and eves have fluttered past, Thy last stars gem the sky, And lo! the faithful moon—the last— Goodby, Old Year, goodby.

Thy snows were purer than the snows That crown the Alps with glory, Thy roses sweeter than the rose Of olden song and story. Alas, thy gay pageantry Of days and nights should die, The bloom has left the rose and thee— Goodby, Old Year, goodby.

Oh, linger yet, thou canst not part The golden ties that bind thee, A strand of love to every heart, Has fastened and entwined thee. Good fellowship, occasions dear, A dream we builded high, A look, a smile, perhaps a tear— Goodby, Old Year, goodby.

Ah, years will bloom and fade away, And be forgot in waning, But thou shalt still be yesterday To all the years remaining. But yesterday, no far withdrawn, Yet to the heart so nigh, Alas the chimes are chanting "Gone"— Goodby, Old Year, goodby.



HIS VISITING LIST.

Old Santa—My, my, how this list does grow. No wonder I occasionally miss one.

CLOSE QUARTERS. He eyed the Christmas tree with a look of grim determination on his face. It was a fine tree, tall and straight, with many symmetrical boughs—just such a tree as would delight the hearts of his children. But he chased them away as he prepared for his work of destruction. Taking off his coat he rolled up his sleeves, and with a hatchet ruthlessly lopped off all the branches. He eyed the result with satisfaction. Then he took up a saw and divided the tree in the middle. It seemed heartless, but what else could the poor man do? It was the only way he could make the tree fit, for he lived in a flat.

Battershall's Lake County's Ideal Store For Christmas Shopping

A most imposing display of holiday goods priced at a very close margin for quick sale. Dolls, toys, games, toy steam engines, electrical toys, blocks, sleighs, wagons, skates, Japanese and German hand painted china, genuine cut glass, watches, clocks, jewelry, solid and plated silverware, fully 150 popular copyright books, also toy and linen books of every description, trees and tree ornaments

Candy, Nuts and Fruits	
Oranges per doz.	15c
Bananas per doz.	10c
Mixed Nuts per lb.	8c
Salted Peanuts per lb.	10c
Peanut Brittle per lb.	10c
Broken Mixdd Candy per lb.	7c
Chocolate Creams per lb.	12c
Chocolate Nut Fudge per lb.	15c
Stick Candy per lb.	8c
Carmels per lb.	8c
Henry George Cigars box of 50.	1.50
Groceries	
Ceresota Flour per 49 lb. sack.	1.45
Granulated Sugar 21 lbs.	1.00
Galvanic Soap 7 bars.	25c
Swift's Pride Soap 10 bars.	25c
Corn 4 cans.	25c
Peas 3 cans.	25c
Tomatoes 3 cans.	25c
Books and Toys	
Henty Books for boys Beautifully bound.	20c
Books for girls By Mrs. L. T. Meade.	25c
Books for girls By Sophie May.	20c
Linen books for children up from.	5c
A Novels paper bound.	10c
A. B. C. blocks up from.	10c
Tree Candles In boxes of 16, 24 and 48.	10c
Tinsel doz yds.	10c
Hand Sleighs up from.	25c
Burnt Wood Pieces 12 kinds.	10c
Dry Goods	
Thread 8 spools.	25c
Children's Wool Hose 50 cent kind.	35c
Childs Initial Handkerchiefs Box of 3	15

F. D. BATTERSHALL
General Merchandise
Grayslake, Illinois

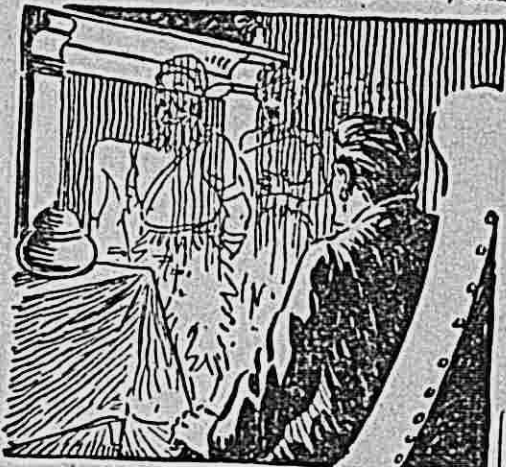
A Christmas Story

Finding myself far from home one Christmas eve night, I halted at the nearest farm house and asked admittance. An old man and his wife were the only occupants.

They bade me enter and gave me hearty greeting. I found them to be one Ephraim Gogard, and his wife, Tabitha, 40 years married.

After the good wife had spread a bountiful table, with good cheer for the inner man, and we had enjoyed the delicious viands to the fullest extent, we drew our chairs nearer the hearth and prepared for a sociable evening. These good old people told me of their children; of the good times when Christmas Eve found them all at home hanging up their stockings and getting to bed early, hoping to stay awake till Santa Claus should come.

"But that was long ago!" sighed the mother. "Willie went to sea, and after a few years of sailing up and down the world, we heard nothing more, and



A Stalwart, Seafaring Man, Wearing the Garb of a South Sea Islander.

we have long mourned him as dead. Rose went to the city and, growing fascinated with the stage, became an actress. She succeeded better than we had ever hoped, but her laurels did not prevent her from making a silly marriage. An Italian prince, a penniless adventurer, carried her off to Italy.

"We fear she is either dead or enduring a living death in extreme poverty, with all her illusions and her bright youth gone. We are both too old now to go in search of her."

"Alas! alas!" groaned the old man. "Our baby boy, our best beloved, grew impatient of the old home and its slow, conservative ways. He went to the great city and succeeded for a time, his bright whole-souled ways brought friends without number. But these very social graces became the cause of his downfall. He learned to gamble and drink at card parties and

at banquets where women make bold to do these things. Both these habits grew on him till they possessed him body and soul. He went from bad to worse, until at last he killed his best friend at the gaming table. He now wears the stripes and is eating his heart out in the state prison."

When I had retired for the night I found myself in a large luxuriously appointed sleeping apartment, on the hearth a fire of cheery logs, the facsimile of the one below.

As I sat and pondered, what was my surprise to see a stalwart, seafaring man enter, wearing the garb of a South Sea Islander. I knew he was an "old salt" by the lurch in his walk. Following him came a train of attendants. They put upon the table great jugs of liquor.

Taking no notice of me they went on hilariously cracking their jokes and taking great swigs from the jug.

Just as I was wondering if the leader could be Willie, whom the aged couple had mourned as dead, I was attracted by a sound at the door, and, looking in that direction, I beheld a very beautiful young woman, attired as Shakespeare's Ophelia. She came forward and began to repeat her lines as to a crowded house. "The strange company ceased their prattle and gave her the most devoted hearing. They were about to give her an encore when there entered a dissolute-looking young fellow, with refined features, bleared by the excessive use of stimulants. Willie stepped forward, and, calling him brother, embraced him as one does after a long absence. The younger man produced a bottle of champagne and began to treat all around.

A disreputable-looking Italian had followed Ophelia into the room, and when he saw the champagne flowing, his eyes glittered with an unholy light.

I had at least collected my wits enough to realize that among this strange gathering were the three children to whom my hosts had just introduced me.

I had just about shaken myself free of my weird surroundings and had summoned strength to move from my seat that I might go below and send the dear old people to embrace their children when a noise sudden and loud took my breath away.

Instantaneously my strange guests vanished. I opened the door to see if I could catch a glimpse of their departing figures, but no creature was in sight.

Whence came the noise which had startled them into evaporating? Ah, again it came! It was but the rattle of the wind upon the casement.

I looked and, lo! my fire was reduced to embers, I knew only too well that I had been dreaming, that my strange company had been but the phantoms of dreams, that I had been asleep and that I was not to give my kind host and hostess the pleasure of a reunion with their lost children.

A War Time Christmas

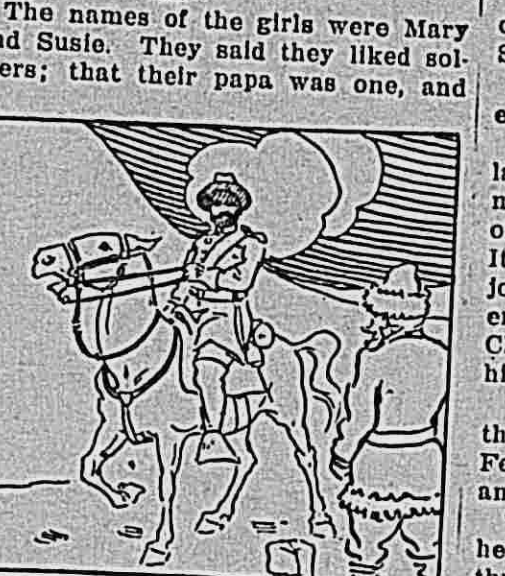
The incident occurred one December during the Civil war. The Army of Tennessee was in Virginia, watching closely every move on the great chess board of strategy. Sergt. Montgomery and a few men were ordered to guard a certain narrow pass through the mountains.

Orders were strict to permit no one to pass no matter what the errand. The tension was high; spies were everywhere.

Not far from the picket post was a small house, part log and part frame. There lived a young wife and two little girls. The husband had joined the Confederate army. The wife was left with two cows and some potatoes and corn.

She or her little girls brought the Union soldiers milk and butter; sometimes a few eggs.

The names of the girls were Mary and Susie. They said they liked soldiers; that their papa was one, and



that they knew he would be glad to see these soldier friends of theirs if he could only get off, but he was so busy somewhere shooting at the Yankees that they wouldn't let him leave.

One day as the month was drawing to a close Susie, the smaller of the two, asked the sergeant why they were always looking up and down the pass so close.

"To see if anybody's coming, little one," said the grizzled officer, "our orders are to shoot any man who attempts to go by here."

Instantly Susie laid her head on her sister's shoulder and cried as if her heart would break. The big sergeant was very much embarrassed; he saw he had put his foot in it, but couldn't understand just how.

"There, there, girlie," he said, "don't you cry, we ain't going to shoot any of your people."

"I know you ain't," said Susie, trying to dry her eyes, "but we been a-

lookin' for Sam years an' it's no use here."

The sergeant was to be days later he rode to the army headquarters to the quartermaster.

"I want two blankets, ones, and warm; 40 pounds, a case of sweet crackers, ginger snaps if you got 'em, sugar, and—let me see—got a few good goods, bears and peaches, gildery, a letter was thrown into her like o' that?"

The day before Christmas was a bright. The troopers were wary about our runaway match, ing about their campfire, their stacked, but within easy reach. The sergeant was not there. Pretty soon the little girls came out from the cabin, hand in hand. They had hardy reached the camp when the captain of the guard suddenly straightened up.

"Halt!" he cried, "who comes here?" The soldiers sprang for their guns and stood across the trail. Climbing down a hill bordering the trail was a man with a long white beard and a fur cap. He was laden with parcels. Susie saw him, and uttering a glad cry ran to him and stood between Santa Claus and the soldiers.

"You sha'n't shoot him," she shouted; "you sha'n't shoot Santa Claus!"

The soldiers grunted arms and laughed until they couldn't laugh any more. Just then there was a sound of a horse's hoofs on the rocky trail. It was an unusual thing, there was no joke this time. The soldiers straightened up, ready for action. Santa Claus dropped his parcels and gripped his revolver.

In a moment the rider was among them. It was a high officer in the Federal army, and he glared about in angry surprise.

"What means all this buffoonery?" he growled, his keen eyes boring through Santa Claus.

Santa Claus, entirely unabashed, told the story, omitting nothing. He said the father of the little girls was in the Confederate army and they and their mother were alone in the mountains; that the winter had come on them unprepared, and he had ordered the quartermaster to get together some things to tide them over Christmas.

The gold braided officer looked into the fearless eyes of the sergeant, the men standing respectfully about him, and then at the half-clad little girls and their blue hands and lips.

"It's all right, boys," he said, "entirely all right. I got a couple o' little chaps o' my own back in the hills of Kentucky, and I hope the good Lord will raise up friends for 'em same as you folks have been to these. Good-by!"

Then he rode on down the trail. That night the Yankees and the little family of the Confederate soldier had a Christmas dinner in a cozy little mountain cabin.

"Betty and Billiken"

As Betty looked up from her omnibus, a letter was thrown into her lap. "Hurrah!" cried Billie, "here's a letter from mother. She is not a runaway match, after all. She wants us to stay over Christmas season. Will you go, Betty?"

"Yes, I will!" she cried delightedly, then a little wistfully, "get your mother will like to see you. How can she start to am sure you will be terribly delighted, or must I play it to the hilt and I shall once took."

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"Here They Are," exclaimed Betty, part in a Sunday school entertainment and was the hit of the piece. I think I was somebody's splinter aunt, and said "Land sakes" every five minutes. I simply must get on with your mother."

Billie smiled. "It isn't a case of land sakes exactly, though I'll admit mother is a little old-fashioned, and there isn't much doing down there. "Oh, I see," sighed Betty ruefully. "I could take my black tailored gown, and my blue rajah, a couple of quiet blouses and skirts."

It was almost tea time when they arrived, cold and tired after their long journey.

When they were shown to their room Betty was delighted.

"Oh, isn't this delightful, after a 10x12 flat! And, Billie, I think your mother is a dear!"

"I knew you would like her, and she will absolutely dote on you; I feel it in my bones!"

But Betty was not so sure. More than once she felt her mother-in-law

gazing at her in a sort of mild disapproval, which was both annoying and perplexing.

In the meantime Billie had noticed it, too, and cornered his mother on the first opportunity.

"Now, mother, what is it you don't like about Betty? I am sure you do not approve of her in some way."

"Why, I did feel a little disappointed that you, being so young and lively, had chosen a girl of her age and with so little life and spirit."

"Of her age!" exclaimed the astonished fellow. "Why, Betty is only nineteen and I am twenty-four. Did you want me to rob a kindergarten? And lively? Why, Betty is the most spirited girl you ever saw."

"Well," she said finally, "if that is the way she appears to you, I am very glad for your sake; but she really is shy and isn't quite her natural self, or that the way she wears her hair and dresses makes her seem older and more staid than she really is."

"Oh!" exclaimed her son in a tone that spoke volumes. "Mother, I thought that you did not care for folderols and vanities."

"Well, I am an old lady," she answered with a toss of her head, "but when I was young I wore my share of vanities with the best of them. You see how it is, Billie; I had told all our friends here that you had married such a society belle and that she was so stylish and pretty and—"

"And she doesn't look the part!" With a peal of laughter he rushed out of the room and up the stairs.

"Come out of it, Betty; it's all a mistake. Get on your war paint. You did bring a few things with you, didn't you?"

"What do you mean?" demanded an onished Betty.

"Betty," he began gravely, but ended in another peal of laughter, "we're wrong track. The mater says gress her. You lack youth and I ain't all my fault, wretch that I am!"

He burst into the sitting room a few minutes later the old lady looked amazed. For a whole min she surveyed them, then pink cheeks and tears ran down her face.

"You poor! And to think that you went to that trouble to gain my regard!"

"Yes, and I've seen positively suffering for a good, and afraid to be my natural self for fear you would be shocked," said Betty dolefully.

"The Idea! The Idea! And I've been suffering for a little life and gaiety, and have looked at Billie and his wife to bring mirth into this lonely old home, and to—"

Her voice broke. Instantly their arms were around her.

"Shall we have a jolly Christmas, Billie? Shall we make the rafters ring?" comes a gay challenge from Betty.

"I love it to us," said Billie.

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

We are finishing the Old Year and beginning the New with a store full of goods co-incident with our idea of what a shoe store should contain, namely: A nice clean stock, carefully selected, the best that money can buy and at

.. ROCK BOTTOM PRICES ..

OUR CHILDREN'S FOOTWEAR POSITIVELY HAS NO EQUAL

BOYS

Boys' high cut tan, warranted not to rip boots 2½ to 5½	3.00
Youths' high cut tan, warranted not to rip boots 13½ to 2	2.50
Youths' first grade heavy arctic like mens 13½ to 2	1.25
Boys' first grade heavy arctic like mens 2½ to 6	1.50
Boys' box calf splendid quality shoes 2½ to 5½	1.75
Boys' Kangaroo full double sole 2½ to 5½	1.75
Youths' Kangaroo full double sole "Kant Rip"	1.40
Youths' box calf blucher, all solid, 13½ to 2	1.50
Little gents' calf blucher all solid 6 to 13½	1.25
Little gents' calf blucher all solid 5 to 9	1.00
Boys' canvas waterproof leggings for	45c
Boys' felt boots and rubbers like men's	2.75

Fit and Quality Guaranteed

MEN

Cushion sole, gunmetal, freak toe blucher	5.00
High toe, high arch and heel, button and lace gunmetal 3.25	3.50
Gunmetal freak toe blucher	3.50
Good, patent 1-ather, regular shoe bargain	3.00
House slippers tan and black 1.00, 1.25	1.50
Carpet and Grain Slippers pair 50c	1.50
German box and rubbers, outfit	3.50
Felt shoes, strong soles pair	2.25

GIRLS

Children's and Misses red felt top fur slippers 75c 80c 85c	90
Girls high cut, gunmetal, button shoes	2.25
Misses patent leather, cloth top shoes	2.00
Misses Box calf, good school shoe 2 to 6	1.75
Misses fleece lined, vici kid shoe pair	1.50
Misses wool fleece jersey leggings pair	.65
Children's fleece jersey leggings	.50
Children's Corduroy Buster Brown leggings	.85

WOMEN

Vici kid cushion sole blucher pair	3.25
Vici kid high toe short vamp cloth top	3.00
Gunmetal button or blucher short vamp	3.00
Gunmetal button regular \$3.00 value	2.75
Kid lace or button stylish shoe pair	2.50
Kid blucher a good wearing shoe	2.00
Genuine one-piece felt vici vamp shoes	1.75
Fleece lined vici kid pair	1.50
Felt Juliets, black or brown, fur top, \$1.00	1.25
Felt colonial slippers with buckle	1.25
Felt slipper with felt sole 3 to 9	.75c
Fleece lined vici Juliets pair	1.75

Buy Early Before our Sizes are Broken

Rubbers, Arctics and Alaskas at Last Year's Prices and Just as Good

Antioch Cash Shoe Store

"GOOD SHOES"



Christmas Shopping is at Its Height

The Assortment more complete, the varieties larger, to meet every requirement

resents for children. The Pet Show is fine for the boys and girls and very interesting for the mother as well.

Toyland offers many pretty gifts for mother, sister and baby.

SHOP BEFORE THE RUSH

Holly leaves with and some Pretty Christmas all over design with Christmas 25c for the down to... **3c**

GLOVES

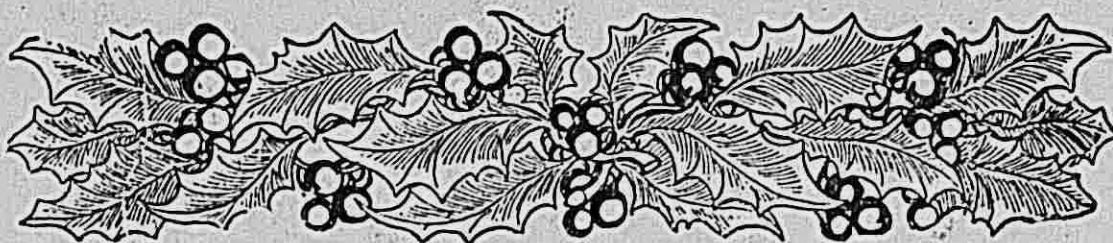
Gloves for the ladies are always expected as gifts. They are the most acceptable for they are practical and durable. Getting the size is a problem for some people so we have a glove certificate in the shape of a pretty Christmas card. This is good any time before or after Christmas and insures a perfect fit. We are glad that we can offer as fine an assortment of gloves as can be found anywhere. Lovely gifts, not expensive, rich, and desirable.

Christmas Cards

Pretty little Christmas cards and tags, gummed ribbons of paper to tie the packages, and many pretty little Christmas stickers shown in the basement from 1c up to... **10c**

Lovely Present for Ladies

USEFUL GIFTS
GIVE LASTING
PLEASURE



USEFUL GIFTS
GIVE LASTING
PLEASURE

Many Gifts for Children and Ladies

Sweaters

Just the present for the ladies. There is more comfort and wear in our all wool sweater at \$4.00 than in any other kind. It has a high neck and is an imitation of the big college sweaters the boys wear.

Fancy knit sweaters of wool, red, white or blue, specially priced at... **2.98**

Pretty little tea apron with lace edge and trimmed with lace insertion, pretty pink bow, in a holly box, for... **98c**

Embroidered edged apron, edging with three rows of embroidered scallops, pocket edged, pink or blue bow, in holly box, for... **1.15**

Ladies' waists with tucked collar, hand embroidered front, finest French lawn, special, in holly box, for... **3.50**

Hand embroidered front waist, lace insertion on yoke and lace edge on collar, in Christmas box for... **3.98**

Children's bath robes from 2 to 12 years. The prices range according to size. Size 12, 3.25 and so on down to size 2 for... **1.98**

Stocking Caps for Boys and Girls 98c down to... **25c**

Rich Velvet shopping bags with silver mounting black silk cords, place initial on mount... **2.98**

Gold mounting with similar design... **3.50**

Leather bag leather lined, inside purse, all accessories, puff box, mirror, comb, etc. Special for... **5.00**

Many other arrangements from \$5. in price down to... **1.25**

Mesh bags with gold german silver mounting, leather lined for... **5.00**

Mesh bags for children, just the thing for the little girls at... **50c**

Jewel Cases, gold plated, old gold design with new gold trimmings lined with pink silk each... **3.50**

Many other different prices down the some silver 2 inch ones for... **58c**

Near silk petticoats of red, black, Gray, accordion pleated flounce, embroidered band in flounce, in holly box for... **1.98**

The Pleasure of Giving Brings



A Merry Christmas

Dynamos And Dynamobiles

Dynamobile toys with two attachments, special at... **\$.45**

Dynamobile motors for connecting up all running toys, takes the place and is durable... **\$.45**

Electric dynamos, run with a dry battery \$1.50 kind for... **\$1.25**

All attachment of dynamos that are 25c kinds for... **\$.10**

METAL TOYS

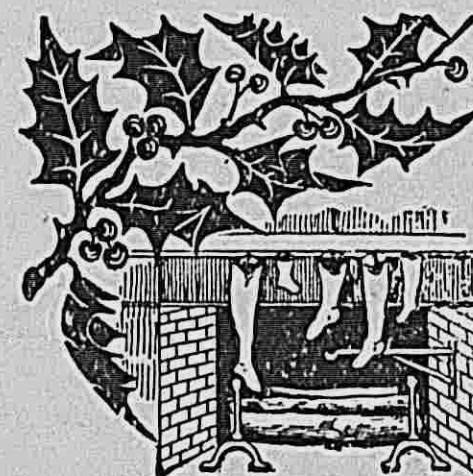
Iron trains with a large cast iron engine and three large iron coaches, special at... **\$.65**

Special Showing of Iron Toys at 45c

Other trains priced from \$2.00 down at... **\$.10**

Horses, Dump Carts, Truck Wagons, Fire engines, Hook and ladder, Coal Wagon, Phaeton, Contractor Wagon, Auto Truck and numerous others... **\$.45**

The Pleasure of Giving Brings



A Merry Christmas

THE
CHRISTMAS
STORE

WASHINGTON STREET

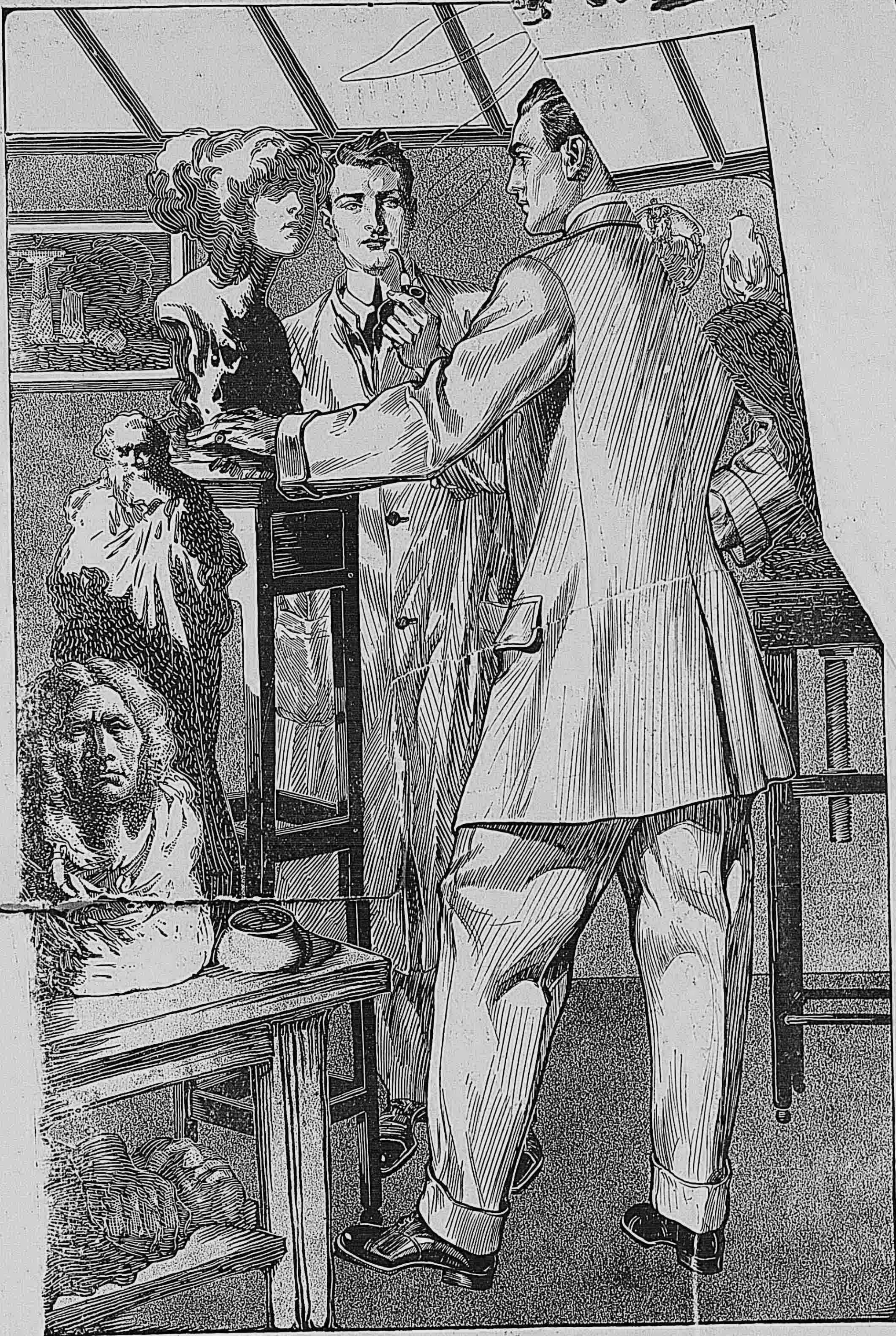
GENESEE STREET

G.R. Lyon & Sons

WAUKEGAN

ILLINOIS

THE
CHRISTMAS
STORE



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

"The Good Clothes Store"

If it is Suits or overcoats that you are buying at this Holiday time, you will find that Hart, Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes for men are the kind that please the most particular. Elegant in colors, splendid in fit and style and always right in price.

Suits and Overcoats \$15.00 to \$35.00

Our holiday list of gifts this season is great. We have a choice line of everything suitable for holiday gifts

Mufflers and Auto Mufflers
Silk Suspenders
Smoking Jackets
Bath Robes
Neckwear

Fur Collars
Fur Caps
Fur Gloves
Shirts
Fancy Vests

Sweaters, Sweater Coats
Leather Collar Bags
Walking Sticks
Handkerchiefs
Umbrellas

Leather H'd'n'l Bags
Leather Tie Cases
Silk Hosiery
Over Gallers
Pillow Tops

Leather Shirt Bags
Night Robes
Skating Caps
Garier Sols
Loggins

Slippers and Bed Shoes
Jewelry
Ponnanis
Banners
Lap Robes

And many other useful and beautiful articles

L. J. Yager

Waukegan's Greatest Clothes,
Furnishing and Shoe Store

121-123 N. Genesee St., Waukegan